THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CXV.—No. 1490

JULY 6, 1932

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FRANCE—*continued*

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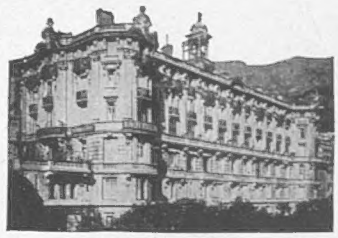

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JERSEY—*continued*

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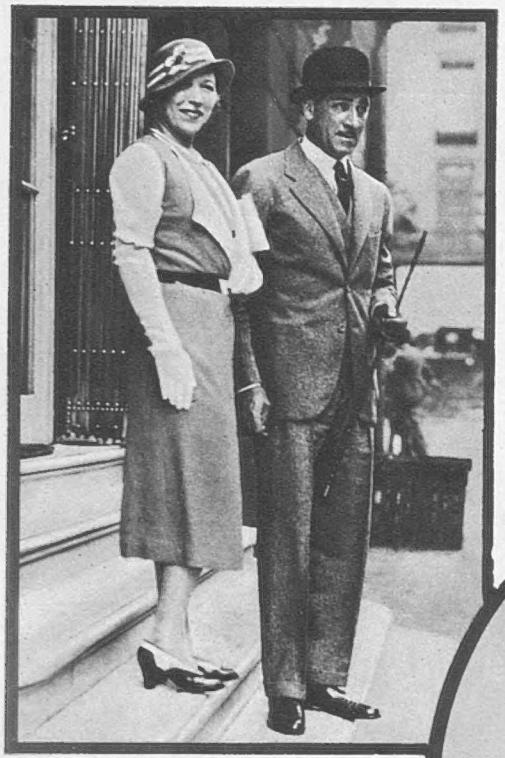
The BYSTANDER

THE FACE THAT MILLIONS KNOW

Greta Garbo's new film, "As You Desire Me," in which she is playing with Eric von Stroheim, will be shown before long at the Empire, Leicester Square. There were varied opinions about "Mata Hari," the last film in which this famous film actress was seen in London, but rumour says there will be no question about "As You Desire Me" being popular.

The Passing Hour

"The Bystander" holds up the Mirror to the Gay World



The Marques and Marquesa de Portago out shopping. The Marques is a great friend of King Alfonso and, like him, a keen polo-player

UNTIL Thursday night, when Lady Mildred Fitzgerald gave her ball and Mrs. Woolley-Hart gave her Coster dinner-dance, there were few dances of any importance last week. These two affairs are dealt with later on. But there were several good parties of a different calibre. First of all, there was the Scavenger party, organised by Mrs. Michael Hornby and Countess Paul Munster. The guests, filled with cool drinks at Princess Obolensky's house in Regent's Park, were then set several posers by Captain Duff Cooper.

Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong-Susan, photographed in the g Mrs. Armstrong-Jones, befo

THE actual list of things to be scavenged included a polo ball, an aspidistra, a lock from a platinum blonde, and a foreign medal. The rendezvous was Datchet, where Mr. "Chips" Channon and his party arrived two hours late. Here the guests included Prince George, Lady Plunket, the Milford Havens, and Lady Caroline Paget. Miss Rosamond Hornby and

Lenare

Miss Betty Shaughnessy

whose marriage to Lord Grenfell takes place on the 25th at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Miss Shaughnessy has chosen eleven bridesmaids, and will have an all-white wedding

A Norfolk Wedding

The Hon. Henry Broughton and Miss Diana Fellowes were married last week at Haveringford Church. The bridegroom's regiment, the Royal Horse Guards, provided the guard of honour

THE competitors had to find out what the inscription was on the Queen Alexandra Memorial opposite St. James's Palace, and the names of four living Dukes descended from the mistresses of King Charles II. Most people knew two of them—the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, and the Duke of St. Albans—but the other two did not occur to them at once, nor the names of the mistresses, which also had to be given.

Act I of

The Scavenging Party, so popular in the spring, was revive last week in the cause of Charity : the Hon. Sheila Berry, La Dufferin and Ava, and Captain Duff Cooper before the sta

Compton Collier
their children, Anthony and
eir house in Eaton Terrace.
riage, was Miss Anne Messel

Mr. Lionel Gibb were the winners of the first prize.

THE Champagne party began at 8 a.m., at the Dorchester. Nearly eighty of us started off for Rheims. One car-load was held up at the last minute by an agitated gentleman who refused to go until he had signed his last will and testament, and was waiting for his solicitor. The latter ultimately arrived, and all was well. In my machine were Lord Charles Cavendish, who slept all the way back,

Summer Blooms in London Streets

The Hon. Mrs. Esmond Harmsworth proves that the flowered dress on the sunny days of our brief but glorious summer is as fashionable and attractive as it ever was

And so does Baroness d'Erlanger when she wears the flowered crêpe-de-Chine which caught the camera's eye last week outside the Ritz. The camera liked her big hat, too

venging Comedy: A London-to-Datchet "Collecting" Party. P.T.O. for Act II

Countess Paul Munster and Princess Obolensky, who were two of the organisers of the party, with Miss Tilly Losch

Lady Honor Guinness at Hanover Lodge, where the scavengers received orders

Mr. Michael Hornby, Lady Allendale, and Lord Ebrington. The scavenging route was between London and Poulsen's Club, Datchet

The Scavengers Arrive at Poulsen's Club, Datchet

Mr. Geoffreys, Lady Dufferin and Ava, Mr. Sidney Beer, and Princess Imeretinski at the Docklands Settlement Gala

Lord Donegall, who slept all the way there, and Sir Robert Throckmorton, the sleeping baronet, whose passport photograph still depicts him at the tender age of nine. He did not sleep at all.

IT only took two hours to fly to Rheims (compared with the three hours it took to come back), and on our arrival we found it sleeting hard. This soon cleared off, and after an initial glass or two of champagne, we proceeded to the serious business of luncheon in the wooded grounds of the Abbey of Hautvillers. Here some of the luckier guests were offered as many as ten different kinds of champagne. Personally, I only tasted six. There were nearly fifty tables laid, and you found yourself between someone like the Archbishop of Rheims on the one side and Charles Heidseick on the other.

THE toast of the King was coupled with that of the Queen and Lady Londonderry. Mounted troops blew a rather inebriated-sounding "Marseillaise." The Master of Sempill talked about the "Graf Zeppelin." Sir Nigel Playfair wondered whether he would be back at his theatre in time. Hugh Walpole looked highly episcopal. The Bishop of Guildford took a glass of wine. General Spears spoke faultless French. Prince Caraman de Chimaye urged free importation of champagne. Lord Elmley proposed the toast of the French President. And, later on, Mr. C. B. Cochran chose the Queen of Champagne—a pretty brunette from Ay.

IT really is extraordinary how few married couples in Mayfair seem to survive the storms of connubial life. First of the exceptions come the Plunkets. Lady Plunket, incidentally, had flown fifty hours solo as long ago as 1919. Now, like her husband, she has become very keen on salmon fishing. David Tennant and his wife, too, are practically inseparable nowadays. The Gray-Hortons are another devoted couple. So are the Bealeys. After that, it is very hard to think of many pairs who are invariably seen out together, except for the Peter Thursbys and the Milford Havens.

EVERYONE hoped at Newmarket last week that the King would follow up Limelight's Ascot success with Foxearth. But he was beaten by a short head. It is safe to say that Newmarket is easily the King's favourite racecourse. And very pleasant it is at the July Meetings. Princess Mary accompanied her father. Her interest in racing rivals even his nowadays. Lady Rosebery

Three more scavengers arrive safely at Datchet: Baroness Branca, Count Paul Munster, and the Hon. Mrs. Drogo Montagu

Supper at Poulsen's: M Captain Alastair Campbe

Society Mannequins in Scotland

Left: A dress parade was part of the Garden Fête held at Blackruthven by the Perth Division Conservative Association. Acting as mannequins were Mrs. Douglas McKenzie, Mrs. Ferrier Robb, Miss Gelda MacGregor, Miss Mary Hogarth, Miss Helen Skene, and Mrs. R. G. O. Hutchinson

was there, as well as Lord Derby, Lord Zetland, and Lady Warrender.

TO append a fashion note: Figured crêpe was very popular, and was worn by Lady Bingham, Lady Noreen Bass, Lady Wharncliffe, and Lady Charles Montagu. I did not see Lady Charles Cavendish, but her brother Fred was much in evidence. He will be over here for at least another three weeks. Straw hats were worn by Princess Mary, Lady Linlithgow, and Lady Rosebery.

WEDDINGS of the week included that of Miss Joan Pearson and Mr. Tony Acton. Miss Pearson is a pretty girl, fond of golf. Lord Cowdray gave her away. Most of the

guests wore green. As the wedding took place at Lambeth Palace, the guests walked down the carpeted corridor to the exit leading from the Archbishop of Canterbury's Palace.

LADY ELIZABETH GREY'S attack of appendicitis will not prevent her marriage on July 26 to Mr. Ronald Dawnay, at St. Margaret's, Westminster. But when are we going to hear of the engagements of some of this year's and last year's débutantes? One or two have already blotted their copybooks, it is true. But with the season more than half over, it is time that a few announcements were made.

Right: Miss Joan Childs and Mr. de la Vigne, two of those who were present at Poulsen's Club

MRS. POP D'ERLANGER, whom I met in Park Lane last week, tells me that her husband, who has just returned from the Argentine, has informed her that in future they will have to live for six months of the year in South America. He says there is a great chance for enterprising young men to make their fortunes out there. Mrs. d'Erlanger evidently liked the idea of spending six months over here and the remainder over there.

ingham, Miss Audrey Simpson, Colclough, and the Hon. pys

Summer night on the river: Lady Bridget Poulett goes punting off Datchet with Mr. Peter Willes

H.R.H. Prince George was at Poulsen's for supper on the gala night, but he did not go scavenging. He is with Lady Milford Haven

MR. EDWARD TATHAM will not be seen at cocktail parties or weddings any more this season. He has departed to Hamburg, where he is being picked up by Mr. Ernest Guinness's yacht, and will then cruise about until the end of July or the beginning of August. Many others seem to be starting their holidays earlier than usual. Lady Seafield and her husband, who have not been seen much in London, anyway, this season, are off to their beloved Antibes. And Juan les Pins is full of stage stars, like Jack Buchanan, who goes there every year.

WIMBLEDON has provided fewer examples of bad behaviour than usual on the Centre Court. There was the affair Mathieu-Jacobs, caused by Mme. Mathieu thinking that Miss Jacobs spent too long in recovering her breath after rallies. But our young English players, for a welcome change, behaved quite well, on the whole. One of the most amusing matches I watched was a doubles, with Mr. Crossley, the M.P., on one side, and Mr. Gandar-Dower, the Multiple Blue, on the other. While standing outside the entrance to the All-England Club, I met several of the parents of the players. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. Bennett, the parents of Mrs. Fearnley Whittingstall, and Mr. Austin, the father of "Bunny." Mr. Bennett is burly. Mr. Austin cannot be much more than five feet high. He is grey-haired, and was bare-headed, with an open cricket collar.

the hat which looked as if it were perched on Lady Cunard's head was an eyesore, promptly painted it out, and thus caused readers to wonder still more why Lady Cunard was supposed to have joined the Merchant Service! Having had his paint-brushes confiscated the delinquent has himself joined the Navy in a fit of pique

Last Week's Problem Picture

as it was published

The problem set our readers last week was made much more difficult than intended, thanks to the fact that our photographic expert (for whom we apologise), with a passionate love for appearances, thinking

Last Week's Problem Picture

as it should have appeared

Racing

Various Courses

By "Regular"

Engaged

Left: Mr. Iain Murray and Miss Angela du Boulay, snapped in London. Mr. Murray is the only son of Lieut.-Colonel Sir Malcolm Murray.

Right above: At the Newmarket Sales. Major Greville Williams, with Colonel and Mrs. Kewley. Colonel Kewley is the happy owner of St. Oswald. Right, below: Mr. Gilroy and Miss Betty Moss observed at Sandown

EVERY one of our racecourses has its own particular pride and joy, deprived of which it would lose its personality and before long, maybe, sink into oblivion.

IMAGINE Ascot without a Royal Enclosure. ("Ah, my dear, what did I tell you? I knew she wouldn't get her voucher this year; last year *must* have been a mistake.") Goodwood without its Birdless Grove. ("James, drive the young ladies to the course by the alternative route.") ("One can't be too careful, my dear Duke; young girls notice things so quickly these days—so different from when I was a girl.")

BRIGHTON. ("No, certainly not, Patricia. You may *not* dance at the Metropole with Michael Beary to-night.") Brighton, as I was beginning to say, boasts two precipices—one on the way to the course, and one on the course. The jockeys, who are bold enough to ride there, say the one on the course is by far the steeper of the two.

RACING there recently was lots of fun. I don't expect, though, I enjoyed it quite as much as Gordon Richards, who, time and again, was "home and dried" before his fellow-jockeys realised they were "off."

I ALSO enjoyed my boisterous hour on the pier, with the slot machines and skee-ball. After spending 22s. 6d. at the latter game, I eventually annexed a prize—a piece of warm chocolate, costing 6d. when new—another winning week for "Regular"!

ALL this was too much fun; but I cannot say that having to fork out £4 for the pleasure of gaining admittance for a "lovely" (she was so good-looking, Mr. Bushby ought to have paid me for bringing her) and myself to the Members' Enclosure, exactly made me rock with mirth. ("I do like Brighton so much, it 's *so* exclusive!")

No Brighton meeting would be complete without the presence of those two firm friends Lord Kilmorey and Colonel Wyndham Portal. A few years ago these two were very constant Regulars, but business calls, these hard times, have curtailed considerably their appearances on our racecourses.

NEWMARKET, Epsom, and even Ascot see them chained to duty, but Brighton they cannot resist. For two whole days Colonel Portal, instead of making pound-notes, loses them over the rails.

As everyone knows, Colonel Portal is the Printer of the Bank of England. What a lovely job! After a particularly "pocket-emptying" week, I have frequently asked him to print a few extra, assuring him that nobody would ever know; but I regret to say he has never seen his way to do so.

Colonel Combe and Miss Enid Stamp-Taylor, enjoying the racing at Sandown, due, maybe, to leaving the favourites to be backed by others!

AT one time, Colonel Portal used to own a few horses. I remember he had one particularly unpleasant brute called Laverstoke, named after his country estate. It was always going to, but I don't believe it ever won.

SANDOWN, in case you don't know (but if you 've ever been there you know it only too well!), boasts a Car Park; as a matter of fact, it boasts of two Car Parks, each, in its way, a work of art.

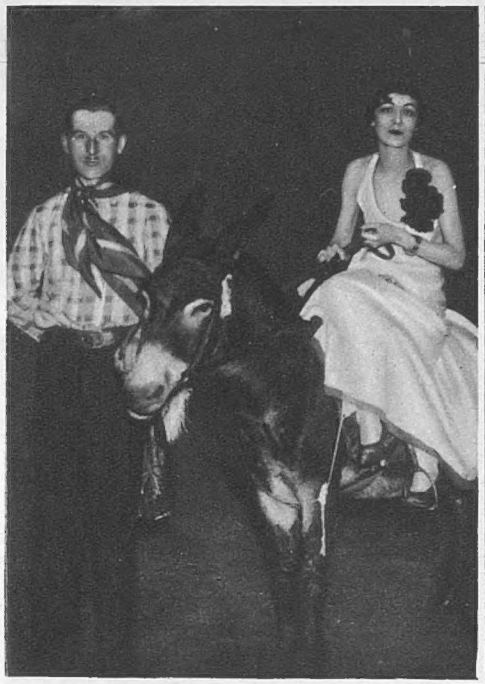
THE architect, no doubt, is the same gentleman who constructed the Maze at Hampton Court, only at Sandown he made a much better job of it. Mind you, I speak from experience. At a very early age I was taken to the former venue by the Aunt I disliked most, and, to use her own words, "Got out in no time"—a feat I have never been able to perform at Sandown.

THE Sandown Executive, like a good hostess, obviously believes in giving you your fill. Like Mme. de Peña, it hates to see you go, fearing you have not had enough.

(*Continued on page ii*)

Wot Cher!

Personalities at Mrs. Woolley-Hart's Coster Party



Above: Mr. and Mrs. C. Moore. Above, right: Miss Diana Selby-Lowndes and the Hon. Patrick Balfour

Captain Joliffe and his coster donah, two of the many guests who all entered into the spirit of the party

Baroness Ravensdale wearing "a artful bonnet wif fevvers stuck upon it," accompanied by a friend

The group includes Mrs. Stoneham, Capt. Arthur Evans, M.P., Mrs. Aldridge Simpson, Mrs. Kemp, and Major Scanlon. One of the party, we regret to say, is badly stymied and difficult to find

EAST is East and West is West and the twain met at Mrs. Woolley-Hart's Coster Party where all the guests, with the exception of Lord Portarlington, who appeared in evening dress, wore feathers and pearlies. Mr. Willie Vanderbilt was even more pearly than the Coster King himself. The Ranee of Pudukota had a genuine coster girl's hat, with green feathers on it. Miss Gladys Sammut wore a shawl and straw hat, and Lord Brecknock and Lord Westmorland donned coster mufti. Few of the guests ate the winkles provided. Chicken and champagne, surprisingly, proved more popular.

Mr. Robin Wilson and Lady Ashley quite suitably attired

Lord Hindlip and Mrs. David Lynch. "It reely was a very pleasant party," to paraphrase Gus Elen

Mid-Season Medley

Items of Interest Treated Pictorially

Above: Mrs. Harriman (left) and Mrs. Cushmann, two well-known American ladies on a visit to London. In the background are Mrs. Woolley-Hart, who gave a Coster party last week, with Mrs. Stoneham and Mrs. Evans. Pictures of some of the guests at the Coster party will be found on the previous page

Above: The Marchioness of Londonderry, with the Archbishop of Rheims, after she had performed the unveiling ceremony of the statue of Dom Perignon, the monk who first put the sparkle into champagne 250 years ago

Right: Miss Coral Pinckard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Pinckard, with her fiancé, the Hon. Jock Leslie, to whom she was married yesterday with the presents given by her father's tenants at Combe Court, Chiddingfold

Above: Mr. Anthony Acton and Miss Joan Pearson, granddaughter of the late Viscountess Cowdray, leaving Lambeth Chapel, after their wedding, performed by the Bishop of Chichester

Miss Romola Erskine, the elder daughter of Sir William and Lady Erskine, walking by the Serpentine with Miss Margery Goodman, who is an American débutante and was presented at one of the Courts this year

In the centre photograph is seen Lady Burney, Sir Dennistoun Burney's wife, in Berkeley Square, and above is Mrs. Monty Rayson, one of the three Mann-Thompson sisters, with Miss Diana Puckle down at Ranelagh

Hors d'Oeuvres

By "Caviare"

EXPRESS your friends in colour. Lady Plunket is blue, the blue of rippling sunny sea; Lady Dufferin and Ava is bright, gay, inconsequential orange; Mrs. Pops d'Erlanger is pale yellow, like electric light in the distance; Miss Rose Bingham is violet, with a hint of purple; Lady Anne Wellesley is the delicate shade of lavender; her cousin, Miss Pamela Wellesley, is rose pink; Mrs. Cecil Pim is emerald green; Miss Edna Best is shining silver.

A YOUNG husband who has lost his wife is undecided whether to congratulate or condole with himself.

SOME people are a little pompous at times. I think Mr. Antony Acton, who has just married Miss Joan Pearson, is occasionally; so is Lord Fairhaven, who seems to find many people bores. I agree with him there.

I SAW Zena Dare walking in Bond Street last week. How attractive she is, and so charming. What a good-looking bunch her contemporaries are: Gladys Cooper, Lily Elsie, Phyllis Dare, a year or so younger, and Phyllis Neilson-Terry. I wonder which of the stage to-day will look as well when they are over forty? Madeleine Carroll will, and Evelyn Laye; Frances Doble, perhaps.

DO short men have more brains than tall? Max Aitken, like his father, is certainly a good example, and Oliver Baldwin, who is tall, is obviously not to be compared with his short father. Parliamentary brains generally seem to be in small bodies—Hore-Belisha, Lansbury, and Jimmy Thomas! But socially it is different. Sir Philip Sassoon, Lord Sefton, Lord Westmorland are all tall.

GENERAL knowledge questions: Who is the Beauty and the Beast? Who is the Weeping Baronet?

A CERTAIN recently-married young hunting couple—she was just a widow—have been "up" for the season; they have sat together in restaurants, silently, with expressions of deep depression. I think they are happy but have no conversation.

I THINK couples who have the same working interests are the happiest. Mr. and Mrs. Freddie Cripps enjoy their hairdressing shop, which they run together. Sir Oswald and Lady Cynthia Mosley loved being in politics together. The happiest stage couple are Herbert Marshall and Edna Best; and the happiest journalistic couple are the Charles Graves.

TALKING of journalists—let us mention them, too. Lord Castlerosse has the best sense of humour; when he laughs you have to laugh too. He is fat and happy. Lord Donegall works very hard, has a nose for news, and sees the truth much more often than his friends realise. Capt. Tattersall is the débutante's bogyman, and by expressing his opinions has sprung into prominence. Mr. Dryburgh is clever, witty, sarcastic, sometimes scathing, but never dull.

I WISH to give mid-season saucers of milk to the following: the Countess de Pret-Roose, Mr. Randolph Churchill, and Lady Hindlip.

THEY all asked the Colonel, but the Colonel wouldn't help, and she did want another bit of butter on her bread.

WILL a rich young man with a funny giggle marry a blonde whose very dearest and best-loved friend has just married a Russian?

WHAT a nice diamond engagement ring Miss Amy Johnson has. Miss Olive Plunket's sapphire, with two very small diamonds, is most disappointing—an engagement ring is most important, as it is never changed and one wears it so much. I would like one to resemble the Marquesa de Portago's huge flawless diamond, which, I believe, is the largest in England.

THE Marquesa has a new dog, a Bedlington terrier; her great friend, Mrs. Redmond McGrath, has a black chow; Lady Ashley has a beloved dachshund called Wendy; and her sister has a terrier. If you want to see a good dog show, visit the ladies' cloakroom at the Ritz during luncheon. Waiting pathetically, they sit watching the door. We ought all to lunch at "Mardie's," kept by Lord Scarsdale's sister, Mardie Curzon, where dogs are especially invited, and their luncheon costs 3d.

WHAT a pity a certain young married woman is so bitter against a just-lost young man; it rather gives her away.

HOW attractive white hair is! I admire Lady Bethel, and, of course, no one can forget Lady Wavertree's. Lady Forres, whose dark hair is turning white at a very young age, with a most charming effect, is wise enough to dress to match it in greys or black and white. Lady Bullough's hair is so becoming, and the Dowager Lady Airlie has the most picturesque head of anyone.

THE Duke of Sutherland never seems to get a day older; he always looks the same. He is perhaps the best-looking of all our Dukes. The Duchess caused a sensation at the Highland Show at Inverness in the red-and-white diced hose which go with the Sutherland tartan.

IT is a pity that the car broke down only half a mile from her uncle's house. She was quite firm, and a good walker.

Mayfair through the

A Débutante—bless her!

So many uncharitable reflections have been cast in certain quarters on Mayfair and its inhabitants that the "Bystander" feels the time is ripe, before the London Season ends, to strike a blow for the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Our correspondent, with the observant eye of youth, here draws a picture which, in her own beautiful words, shows Society as "full of charming, unpretentious people who just want to make each other happy"

I THINK that it is easy to get a wrong impression of Mayfair. Before I made my début in May I had read Mr. Evelyn Waugh and THE BYSTANDER, and I thought Mayfair must be a terrible place, full of impropriety and fast living. Instead, I found it quiet and homely, full of charming, unpretentious people who just want to make each other happy.

My first cocktail party was most amusing, but quite unlike what I had anticipated. It was given by a famous hostess, in either Charles Street or Prince's Gardens—I can't remember which, and I ought to, because the hostess knew everybody in the room.

However, I arrived, feeling rather shy, and was given a cocktail which was very weak, in fact, nearly all orange juice, which was so thoughtful, because I hate after-effects. But what surprised me was that hardly anyone there drank cocktails; most of them preferred barley water, and I heard a dark young man—called, I think, Mr. Charles Baillie-Hamilton—refuse a drink of any sort.

WELL, first of all I was introduced to a Mr. Randolph Churchill. He listened to everything I said very attentively, but he seemed very silent himself, with nothing to talk about, so I moved away from him and found Mr. "Eddie" Tatham, who didn't know many people in the room. However, I had a word or two with a good-looking man with him called Mr. Eric Hartry.

There was a girl called Miss Margaret Whigham present; she is so lovely that it seems a pity no one had heard about her, but apparently she hates publicity, and just refuses to be photographed. Her greatest friend, Lady Bridget Poulett, is always trying to persuade her to go about more and enjoy a success. Lady Bridget had a tiny smut on her nose when I saw her, and I did hope she would notice it, but I don't think she had a mirror with her; anyway, she never looked in it.

A Mrs. Drury-Lowe just slipped into the room quietly. She was escorted by a handsome man with a hearty, masculine laugh, Mr. Quintin Gilbey, who had brought his friend, too, a serious-minded young baronet, Sir Robert Throgmorton, who doesn't care for night life in Mayfair.

NO ONE had anything to talk about except politics, of which they all knew a great deal, as they were all intensely interested in the future of the nation. But I felt a little out of my depth, so I asked a girl next me, called Miss Celia Palmer, if anything amusing was happening anywhere, and she said, "I should be the last to know if there was. I never hear any exciting gossip."

Then Mrs. Baillie-Hamilton arrived. She is charming, but with such a dignified manner, one couldn't imagine anyone taking the liberty of calling her by her Christian name unless they knew her well. She has a great many women friends, who are all devoted to her; I don't know if she knows many men.

I WAS so keen to see everyone who was present. I wandered round, and under a large hat I found Lady Ashley, who was looking more angelic than ever. I do think she should be an example for us all to emulate.

A plainly-dressed little woman was Mrs. Pim, who is very domesticated and goes to bed every night on the stroke of ten o'clock. Another married woman who seldom stays up late is Mrs. Peter Horlick. She was showing someone a narrow little bracelet she had on, and she said, "I think jewellery should be unobtrusive; one good stone, however tiny, is better than lots of rubbish."

Her sister, Miss Pamela Nichols, was wearing a dress in sombre colours and in perfect taste for a young girl. Miss Jeanne Stourton was also dressed as a débutante should be. She, like Miss Margaret Whigham, dislikes being conspicuous or showy in any way. We were talking about orchids, and they all said how unsuitable they were for

Mr. Charles Baillie-Hamilton refuses a drink from Captain Tattersall, while Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg and Mr. "Eddie" Tatham look on sceptically

Cocktail Glass

by "A Débutante"

girls, and that, if they wore flowers at all, they preferred simple, inexpensive rosebuds.

WHILE we were discussing this momentous question, Lord Tennyson was announced—he only likes taking out women of a sensible age, and finds nothing to say to young girls. However, he spoke to me. Then the kindest and most popular woman in London brought me a cocktail—Lady Mount Temple.

Lady Castlerosse came in late, because she had been romping in a friend's nursery. She is such a delightful person to meet, because domesticity means everything to her. Sir Oswald Mosley also arrived, which was a great surprise, because he never goes to gay places, and is much too serious-minded to be seen at night clubs, dance restaurants, or cocktail parties.

THAT lovely, unaffected beauty, Lady Buchanan-Jardine, came alone; she is simplicity itself, and the most thrillingly mysterious person followed her, Lady Moira Combe. Her husband, Captain Peter Combe, is a great admirer of brunette beauty.

Sir Anthony and Lady Lindsay Hogg were announced together, but Lady Eleanor Smith, looking sweetly conventional, did not follow them until much later. I heard rumours of a pending engagement, but perhaps they were just rumours. Lady Alington, her hair perfectly coiffured, was with the most popular young man in Society, Mr. de la Vigne, and the Beaton sisters were severely garbed in tailor-mades. Mrs. Stewart Brown was sitting quite silent in a corner, and Lord Donegall regretted he was unable to come, but he has given up parties of any sort.

Severely Garbed

The Beaton sisters in tailor-mades

Miss Margaret Bannerman was looking very Spanish, and Mrs. Thursby a perfect type of English womanhood. Lord Castlerosse was looking very cold, and was almost shivering as he talked to that classical beauty, Mrs. Colclough, who is not noticed very much these days—we heard so much about her two years ago.

As the theatres are doing so well, the theatrical crowd had to leave early. Miss Gladys Cooper, who, by the way, like Gerald du Maurier, never uses her title, went off to the Palladium. I believe she is appearing there in burlesque. Miss Cicely Courtneidge, without a young man to escort her, left for the Old Vic, I think, and Mr. Nelson Keys, alone, as usual, told me he was going to bed directly after the show.

Captain Tattersall was taking no notice of anybody, and most of the débutantes were asking him not to write them up. Lady Dashwood especially requested him not to mention her in the newspapers, as she is so tired of this continual reference to her husband as the premier baronet of England.

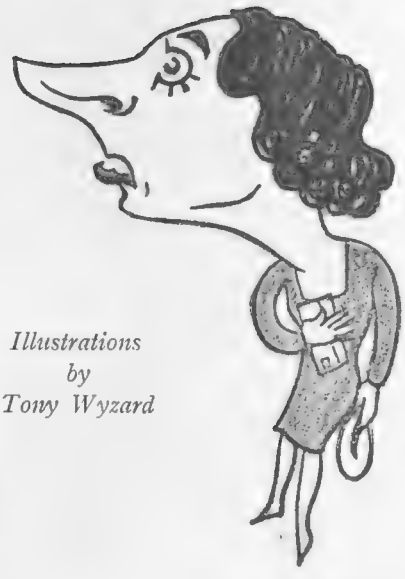
The Cadogan sisters, Lady Blandford, Lady Stanley, and Lady de Trafford, all arrived separately, and were their jolly, cheerful selves. Hail-fellow-well-met to everybody, they always make a party go. But no one seemed to want to talk to poor Mrs. John Loder.

Miss Rose Bingham, who likes going out only with young unattacheds, was eagerly enjoying everything in her usual unspoilt way. Mr. Hamish Erskine was being really witty, and talking to someone unknown—if he likes people, he likes them, regardless of who they are or their social status.

Lady Baillie was looking so gay and happy; she is never seen without a smile on her face, like Miss Kay Norton, who has such a gracious manner to everybody. A young man present, with the jolliest manner, was looking radiantly happy over his engagement. Lord Warwick, on the other hand, was absolutely certain that he wasn't engaged to anyone.

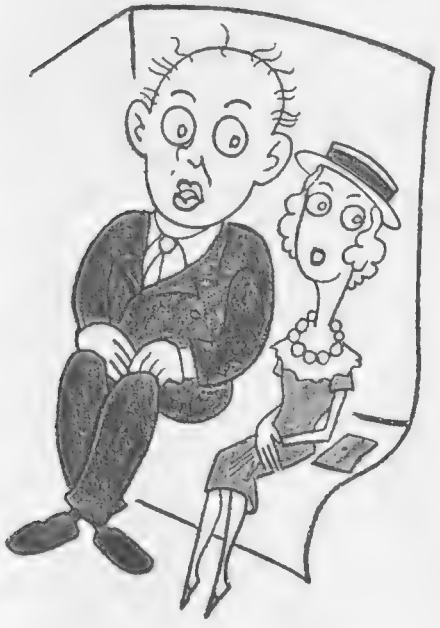
WELL, I couldn't see anyone else I knew, even by sight, so I thought it was time I went home. Mr. William Gerhardi gave me a lift, and I was very disappointed, as he didn't even try to hold my hand.

Thus ended my first Mayfair cocktail party, and it was too, too marvellous—an adjective, by the way, which no one uttered all the time I was there.



Illustrations by Tony Wyzard

Miss Celia Palmer



Time I Went Home

Mr. Gerhardi gave me a lift—he didn't even try to hold my hand

A plainly-dressed little woman, Mrs. Pim

The New Plays

"Fanfare" and Farce Fare

Jessica Tandy and Jack Hawkins, who have lately become engaged, first met when they were playing the very modern young couple in "Autumn Crocus." She is, at the moment, acting at the Cambridge Festival Theatre, and he in "While Parents Sleep," at the Royalty

"Fanfare"

"Now is the banner of our speech unfurled," declaimed Caxton (Frank Cochrane), opening the proceedings with a salute to printing, the idea being that *Fanfare* was the name of a magazine and all the items in the revue pages therein compiled for the lady proprietor (Joyce Barbour) by various editors and contributors. But the banner soon re-furled itself, finding the acoustics of the Prince Edward Theatre about as plastic as the Rock of Gibraltar. This was hard lines on everybody, especially Joe Cook, from America, who talked so fast that only a few stray bullets from his continuous salvo of small-talk reached Row P of the stalls. Mr. Cook is a whimsical, quick-fire comedian who talks irrelevant nonsense as if he had a train to catch. He has a nice, broad smile.

But most of his humour is contained in his "props," for which he must require several pantechnicons. Most of them might have been designed for Harry Tate and Company (Cook has his own comic retinue) by Heath Robinson, with occasional assistance from Maskelyne and Devant. Some of these gadgets are highly ingenious and amusing. A golf ball rushes uphill from a bunker and holes itself out. A circular saw produces sparks from an inviting posterior. These mechanical absurdities apart, Mr. Cook's versatility was more of a handicap than a help. A case of too many Cooks. . . . This one danced, threw Indian clubs, did acrobatics—almost everything, in fact, except conduct the orchestra, a fine body of men whom the batonless Herr Franz Steininger lashed into such a frenzy of exaltation that every instrument must have been red-hot by the time the last blast of Henry Sullivan's noisy, but not, I thought, very tuneful, score had died away. Mr. Cook in a small, intimate theatre might have been a wow among wows. In the aching (and baking) void of the Prince Edward his paraphernalia and persiflage went astray.

Having admired John Murray Anderson's taste in dress, décor and *divertissement*, saluted the Condos Brothers as the Big Noises of Tap-dancing, paid a tribute to Ralph Reader's mesmeric powers over an inexhaustible chorus undeterred by the formidable task of dancing on the keys of a giant typewriter, and dismissed the sketches as singularly lacking in wit and invention, it remains to deal with the principal event of the evening.

Violet Loraine—"Vi" to us veterans of "Bing Boy" days—has come back to prove that there's no favourite like an old favourite, no tune like an old tune, and that when she sings it again she is the one and only girl in the world we would choose for the revival of old loyalties. Our all-conquering heroine, applauded to the skies, informed us in a curtain speech that she was simply petrified and had given a "disgusting performance." But it didn't take the gipsy to warn us that the old magic had lost none of its abracadabra.

June, adding the adventure of a come-back to the ardours of Sunday journalism, danced, notably in the Anderson version of Oscar Wilde's *The Nightingale and the Rose*, with much of her former grace, if not with quite the old abandon.

This vociferous patchwork contains much to tickle all palates, but someone ought to tell Mr. Anderson that comedy is the better part of revue. We do like a laugh with our stall.

A scene from "Tell Her the Truth" at the Saville, showing Jean Adrienne and Bobby Howes in a humorous interlude

"Intimate Relations"

Almost directly the curtain rises at the Little Theatre we see George Gommery (Evan Thomas), a much-married lady-killer, who lives in the country, putting through a trunk-call to London and getting in touch, in marvellously quick time, with an actress, Molly Mellish (Rita Page), as the prelude to an *affaire*.

But, in his pursuit of the petticoat, Mr. Gommery gets into a muddle. His friend and factor, Freddy Hall (Melville Cooper), to escape the unwanted advances of Mrs. Gommery (Sylvia Leslie), pretends that he is keeping a mistress, and, in order to give an air of verisimilitude to a bald and unpretentious narrative, quite by chance seizes on the name of Molly Mellish, the actress sought after by George Gommery, as his partner in sin when called upon to reveal the lady's identity.

This situation and its further ramifications keeps the pot a-boiling with verbal slap-stick in an old-fashioned way by the author, Stafford Dickens, helped by Melville Cooper, who gives an effortless and most effective presentation of the silly-ass type, which he makes more credible than usual. Sylvia Leslie does not overplay the overbearing wife, and I envied both the coolness with which Rita Page played and the pyjamas which she wore. Evan Thomas, as the married Lothario, will do better when he realises that he is playing at the Little Theatre and not at Drury Lane.

Trinculo.

Gentleman's Relish

A "Bachelor" Tee and Sandwich Party

The Bachelors' Club Meeting at Sandwich

Lord Cochrane, a competitor at the meeting — *J. G. de Forest leaving the 15th tee*

Above: Mrs. Stacey, Lord Wharncliffe, and Major J. Ralli waiting at the 1st. tee

Top right: R. C. Bruce, H. Maxwell-Scott, and Captain Derek Fitzgerald approaching the 15th

Some more Personalities at Princes

John Bingham, and J. C. Akroyd outside the club-house before starting off to play a round

Lord Churston and Peter Thursby leaving the 15th tee after having driven off

B. S. Hill Wood and the Hon. E. H. Jessel. The Thirty-six Hole Final was won by V. H. Coventry (18)

Howard Marshall on Cricket

The Test Match—Pace from the Pitch

L. S. H. Summers and E. W. Dawson going out to bat for Leveson-Gower's XI against Cambridge University at Eastbourne. They scored 26 and 78

WHEN Sutcliffe played-on so unexpectedly in England's first innings against All-India, I must admit that I was rather pleased. This, I thought, will teach us to take nothing for granted, and, anyway, it was about time Sutcliffe failed if we were still to consider him an ordinary human being.

When, in that same over, Mahomed Nissar, looking more like an enlarged edition of Jack Dempsey than ever, sent Holmes's off-stump cart-wheeling through the air, I regret to say I expressed considerable delight, though we were all sorry for Holmes. Here, I continued, muttering to myself as usual, here is the supreme example of the mutability of human affairs upon the cricket field.

HOLMES and Sutcliffe, the Yorkshire champions, with a record opening partnership of 555 established only the other day, Holmes and Sutcliffe out in one over with only eight runs on the board! It was glorious, though it had not the slightest significance. Holmes and Sutcliffe remained what they were before they came so unexpectedly back to the pavilion, and we did not for a moment question their remarkable ability.

THE English innings, as a whole, however, did set tongues wagging. This, we were told, presages disaster in Australia, and where, they asked, are our batsmen for Melbourne and Sydney and Brisbane and Adelaide? A stupid question. Could anyone really ask it with Sutcliffe, Hammond, Woolley, Jardine, and Duleepsinhji in mind? And as an opening batsman with Sutcliffe there is E. T. Killick, and if he can spare the time I believe he will be chosen.

To my mind, there is no doubt about our batting, but our bowling is hardly impressive at the moment. I am biassed, perhaps, for I write just after watching Voce, Bowes, and Brown being played with complete safety by two Indians who are no more than useful county batsmen.

BOWES does not yet look like a bowler for Australian wickets, and Brown has still some way to go before he makes certain of his place. More and more we are forced back to the veterans, and if we had to pick an M.C.C. touring side to-morrow, I think a good many of us would plump for J. C. White, whose steadiness would be invaluable.

INCIDENTALLY, I must say I dislike Bowes's habit of bowling short at the batsman. The answer, of course, is that if he bowled short at great batsmen—at Macartney, say, or Jessop—he would be rightly and justly smashed, but the fact remains that he scares many players and takes cheap wickets. It seems to me a confession of weakness. If Bowes cannot get men out by ordinary methods, he is not a good enough bowler to play for Yorkshire. This bumping stuff is unworthy of a man chosen to play for England, and the less we see of it the better.

Right: Holmes of Yorkshire going out to open the England first innings against All-India. He scored 3 and 11

A Captain's Part

A. G. Hazelrigg, who scored a century for Cambridge University when playing against Surrey at the Oval

WHILE we are talking of bowling, I see that Ranjitsinhji is supposed to have said in an interview that in all his experience he had never played against a bowler who could make the ball gather pace off the pitch. This is an interesting statement, and it has started many arguments in pavilions and other places of refuge.

Is it an optical illusion, then, this impression we get that a bowler like Tate makes the ball whip off the ground decidedly more quickly than it comes through the air? Certainly it is an illusion from which many batsmen suffer, and I remember particularly being l.b.w. more than once to R. H. Bettington's top-spinner, which seemed to fizz through like lightning.

There and Back

WITH all deference to Ranjitsinhji, whose opinion on most problems of batsmanship is infallible, I do wonder very much whether he is correct on this point. It seems to me that if a ball is spinning approximately in the direction of its flight — Tate's natural off-spinner, let us say— it is reasonable to suppose that when it strikes the ground its spin is added to its pace through the air, so that it comes more quickly off the pitch.

But this is within the realm of higher mathematics. I only know that to the average batsman the ball does seem to accelerate, though I must say I should be very grateful if any reader who understands ballistics would settle the question for ever with irrefutable scientific formulæ.

FINALLY, there have been premature statements published to the effect that D. R. Jardine has been officially selected as captain of the M.C.C. team to visit Australia. No decision has yet been issued officially, though by the time these notes appear we may have some news. In the meanwhile, the sooner the M.C.C. Committee do make up their minds and announce their decision, the better it will be for everyone concerned.

At present, all sorts of grotesque rumours are flying round, and nonsense of this kind does no good to the game. I don't care a button myself whether they choose Jardine or Chapman—I think there is far too much song and dance being made over the business—but let them decide one way or the other, and set our minds at rest.

"Tell Her the Truth," at the Saville Theatre

Impressions by KEN

Sister, You've Spilled a Mouthful

Polly (Polly Luce) and Gwen (Jean Adrienne) emit many wise-cracks

Notes of Exchange

Mr. Parkin (Wylie Watson) and MacLean (Jack Lambert) indulge in a duet

Almost Bowled—Not Cricket—Howes That?

Mr. Ralston (Alfred Drayton), Dick (Peter Haddon), Ethel (Winifred Izard), and Bobbie (Bobby Howes)

That middle-aged farce, "Nothing But the Truth," has been converted into a play with tunes—some of which are extremely catchy. For these tunes, Jack Waller and Joseph Tunbridge must be held responsible, while those hardened musical-comedy concocters, R. P. Weston and Bert Lee, plead guilty to the adaptation and lyrics. This is an amusing show, with a first-rate part for Bobby Howes

Lord and Lady Dufferin were married two years ago, and have a small daughter, Lady Caroline Blackwood. Lord Dufferin, who is a keen politician, went to India with Lord Lothian's Commission, but he and Lady Dufferin have been back in London for the season

The "Young Marrieds"

No. 6.

The Marquess and Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava

Photos by Lenare and Dorothy Wilding

If Gossip We Must . . .

Cheery Politicians—Baldwin in Charge—
"Fanfare"—Book Reviewers in Trouble

"JUNE has demonstrated in remarkable fashion the great vitality of British industry." That sentence, although culled from an article in the *Daily Express*, has no reference to Lady Inverclyde. Not that that young lady's industry has ever been in any doubt. But there are one or two factors in our life as a nation which are even more important; it is cheering to learn also of the happy progress of the General Electric Company, the Manchester Collieries, the Tredegar Iron and Coal Company, the Whitehead Iron and Steel Company, and several other equally unromantic but not unimportant concerns.

In short, our politicians, now on the cheering tack, have got some reasonable facts behind them. They are not merely indulging in well-meaning, but rather vague, Couéism. Industrial depression is not lessened by notable personages chanting in a happy major key, "Every day in every way we are becoming more and more prosperous."

Prosperity is a deuce of a way off yet. But it is not so far off that the Opposition's Vote of Censure did not look singularly foolish. Mr. Baldwin's speech in defence of the National Government was one of his soundest efforts.

"A Smile on the Face of the Tiger"

caused by the caress of Miss Florence Desmond, who will on July 7th be seen at the Savoy Theatre, in a new style musical entertainment called "The Savoy Follies"

Eric Gray

An Arresting Policewoman

One of the first non-stop shows staged in London was at the Windmill Theatre, where the above scene, showing Barbara Kilner, John Tilley, and Helena Taylor, is included in the programme of Revue-deville now numbered 9

de Marjvan

Gypsy Markoff

Left: Gypsy, by birth, Markhoff, who is appearing at the Café Anglais, where she plays the vast accordion with wonderful skill. She will also tell you your fortune if you ask her very nicely

THE gist of all the optimistic statements—and it is worth emphasising—is that if England is not at the moment stepping forward commercially, she is, at any rate, marking time (and a little more than that) with stolid determination, while her competitors are falling back.

We do not wish to gloat over this falling back, since, until world trade improves, there can be no prosperity for us in any real sense. When the time is propitious this country, as Mr. Baldwin has told us, "will be first off the mark and will once more lead the world."

It is noteworthy, by the way, that, owing to ill-health and Lausanne, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has largely given place to his predecessor as the country's principal spokesman.

The Premier, however, is growing less and less of a House of Commons man. I hear rumours from sources far from unreliable that the time may not be far distant when the House of Commons will know him no more—and Lossiemouth and the Lords will know him much more. And why not Lord Lossiemouth?

THE case of that somewhat unhappy revue, *Fanfare*, was not improved by the suggestion that the "bird" was handed to Mr. Joe Cook, the comedian

(another member of the cast came in for some booing, but we will let that pass), simply because he is an American.

I do not remember a more uncomfortable *première* than this—and I am not alluding to the actual revue, with which it is not my province to deal. There was a general feeling of awkwardness and of things-are-going-to-happen in the air, in spite of the rapturous and well-earned welcome accorded to Vi Loraine. Even the Soho crowd which hung around outside the theatre seemed to realise this.

But whatever the component parts of that feeling, anti-Americanism was not one of them. American performers by the score have been welcomed in London in the past, and will doubtless be in the future. We have taken Joe Coyne and Dorothy Dickson to our bosoms (this in the national and not in the editorial or literal sense), and London continues to witness without protest the efforts of Peggy Wood, Gina Malo, Polly Walker, Frances Day, Marion Lorne and, doubtless, several others. We are, if anything, too receptive of foreign talent when so much of our own is available—and hard up. But this is a fault on the right side.

Mr. Cook, so far as my humble opinion goes, aroused opposition because so many people could hear so little of what was said and could not laugh at what they did hear.

I SHALL not be surprised if there is, before long, an unholy row in the literary world in the matter of book-reviewing. With a few, a very few, honourable exceptions, this is as blatant an exhibition of mutual arrangement and back-scratching as it is possible to find. I do not write this from any sense of personal grievance; I have not written a book for years, and the last one was reviewed favourably—and *anonymously*—by people I had never met.

That was before the days when bright young critics had taken to lavishing extravagant praise on books their equally bright young friends—also literary critics—had written.

NOW the more serious Sunday journals are full of wads of quotations from the eulogistic things Mr. A says about Mr. B's latest book. And in the next column you will find similar quotations from the laudatory screed Mr. B wrote about Mr. A's latest book. The extent depends, of course, on the amount of advertisement space booked by the publisher. You will look in vain in certain newspapers for the notice of any book, whatever its merits, whose publisher has booked no space at all.

NOW this is not treating some authors fairly, and it is not treating the public fairly. It is not even treating certain publishers fairly, and a little time ago a group of them rose and protested. Not much notice was taken; but the next time, with some powerful allies in the field, some notice will *have* to be taken, and a bombshell is likely to fall among the members of a particularly smug mutual admiration society. And I fancy that the "recommended by the Book Society" punk will not, in future, be quite so impressive.

ANOTHER aspect of the question is the employment of book-reviewers by some publishing firms as readers, advisers, and what not. In a few cases, I believe, they are even directors.

Human nature being what it is in this imperfect world of perfect graft, one can

A Tip fo

In the intervals of filmi... director and two of the cast ... duction, Albert de Courvill... Nares, feature "There Go... superb hit to square leg indicat... partner with Herbert Sutcli...

Walter Bird

Constance Bennett

the R.K.O.-Radio Pictures star who is now playing in "What Price Hollywood?" We understand that Hollywood is upside down at the moment, so this picture may have considerable symbolical significance

To Glorify British Womanhood!

Elizabeth Jenns, winner of the £100 mannequin competition, held at the London Pavilion, appeared at the Golden Holiday Ball at the Park Lane Hotel. She is going on a world's tour to glorify British womanhood, and appears well fitted for the job

Our Selectors

"There Goes the Bride," the this British Gainsboro' pro- Jessie Matthews, and Owen the Ball." Jessie Matthews' that here is an ideal opening for the coming Australian tour

hardly expect a reviewer to damn the productions of the firm which pays him (however much they deserve damning) any more than he would say anything calculated to increase the sales of a book published by a rival firm.

DRAMATIC critics and musical critics come in for plenty of abuse while literary critics, on their lofty eminence, for the most part escape. Yet their record for disinterestedness stands high.

What a hullabaloo there would be if it were found that, say, Mr. E. A. Baugham was Sir Oswald Stoll's manager and a paid reader of plays for Mr. Cochran! What would the musical world say if Mr. Ernest Newman owned the Wigmore Hall? Yet precisely similar situations are tolerated in the world of books.

THE following story is new, at any rate to me, and I have no reason for disbelieving the assertion that it happened.

An amiable but not particularly brainy young man from the Foreign Office was placed at an important Diplomatic dinner next to a splendidly-robed Chinaman. Dinner started, and the youth, with a well-meaning attempt at conversation, pointed to his plate and said to his neighbour, "Likee soupee?" The Chinaman beamed but said nothing.

When the time for speeches arrived, however, he made, in fluent English which would have been a credit to the Master of Balliol, an oration of surpassing brilliance. After he had sat down amid thunderous applause, he turned to the young Englishman and murmured quietly, "Likee speechee?"

CAUSE AND EFFECT

"The trouble with British people is that they don't realise what a wonderful country they live in."—Mr. Herbert Brenon.

WE Britons would appear to be
A most ungrateful lot
Who simply can't appreciate
The splendid home we've got,
But dare to criticise the way
In which our country's run to-day,
And even have the nerve to say
That Dora's utter rot.

So let us count those blessings which
We have in ample store,
And when we've finished, vow that we
Will grumble nevermore.
Where else could Chancellors be found
To do their bit and rally round
And tax us five bob in the pound
Then, Twist-like, cry "Encore!"?

What other country in the world
Can equal Britain's skill
In squandering folks' money and
Then tendering the bill?
Yes, Mr. Brenon, you are right,
But I confess that I well might
See things in a more kindly light
With something in my till!

B. W.

"WE are apt to take the success of country-house hospitality nowadays," writes a woman-gossip, "as a matter of course. The result is we forget the enjoyable weekends. Only the tedious ones remain in our memory."

I remember, I remember, the house where I was bored.

THE Lawn Tennis Championships at Wimbledon become year by year more of a social function and less and less the rendezvous of those who understand the game. This is very different from the old days on the Worple Road ground, which was only big enough to hold five thousand or so spectators, and of that number at least ninety per cent. were able to appreciate the finer points of the play. The great majority of those present nowadays are as ignorant of the game as the man who went racing and confessed he didn't know a horse from a ham sandwich.

By Chicot

"My Husband doesn't understand me. Does yours?"
"He never mentions you"

IN times past, the long summer vacation was often used by undergraduates for making up a reading party. A newer fashion is being set by young Mr. Giles Playfair—son of Sir Nigel Playfair—in making up a concert party of undergraduates, who, with the assistance of professional actresses, will make a tour of the south coast and give a pierrot show, the whole of which will be written and composed by the members.

These shows, I hasten to add, will not be given on the beach with the hat passed round afterwards! The company will appear at theatres and halls in the various towns visited, and I very much doubt if this rival to the real professional will receive a cordial welcome from the latter, who may think that competition is keen enough as it is.

An Anglo-German Alliance

Jack Hulbert, Lilian Harvey, and Sonnie Hale in "Happy Ever After," the first of the English versions of UFA films, being made jointly in Germany by Gaumont British and UFA. This linking-up is liable to give Hollywood furiously to think

The Book of the Brides

By Charles Gay

Illustrated by MOLLY BISHOP

"Oh, you don't expect me to sleep in it, do you?"

THE Brides' book. Everyone in Mayfair knows its virgin blue beauty, so I need not specify its whereabouts. But have you ever looked through it? Or asked the vendeuses about it? You should. I cannot give details here. No name, no pack drill, you know. But here are some queries, the answers of which you can very easily find out in a few minutes for yourself.

Who was the bride who wanted:

Nothing but beer-mugs with cherries on them?

A very large cocktail-shaker, a baccarat-shoe, poker chips, *and a restall?*

A Napoleon chair, a red lacquer bridge set, a whisky cabinet, a Wallaby rug, a cork-lined backgammon set, *and got none of them?*

Bellows, apricot linen tins, a zipper rug, lampshades, candlesticks, table mats, and, in fact, the furniture for the whole house, *before she had got engaged?*

Beer mugs, claret glasses, port glasses, *and objected to nothing but a gong or an ash trap?*

THE vendeuses will tell you all about it. Fiancées come and fiancés go, and to them romance is very properly a matter of cash consideration. Ask them about the lamp which is such an old-timer that it has the nickname of "Peter." Ask them about girls who come in excitedly, write down about eighty things which they would like as presents, and then say, "Of course, I 've not hooked him for certain, but I 'll telephone you to-morrow if it is all right." Tact. That is what the vendeuses need. A girl came in and chose a double bed which was to be only four feet wide. "That is not very wide," she was told. "Oh, you don't expect me to *sleep* in it, do you?" was the reply. The tactful vendeuse never smiled. Sometimes engagements are broken off, but the presents seldom come back. The donors realise gloomily that they will soon have to give someone else a wedding present, if not the same girl again, so they keep them for future reference and future weddings. An optimistic Dorset lass came in one day and wrote down eighty-six presents which she wanted people to give her. She got half a dozen. Another girl wrote down five and got them all. Another ordered a four-guinea bag to give as a wedding present and asked if she could take it to the lucky recipient to see if she liked it. She brought it back next day and said that it was the wrong colour. But inside they found eight shillings and a lipstick and a cloakroom ticket. Well, well!

WOMEN give rather measly presents sometimes. They hate to think that their young man whom they had ear-marked for themselves is marrying someone else. Of course, the presents depend a good deal on whether a couple are going to set up house or whether the young man already has a place of his own. Some of the comments of the prospective buyers of wedding presents are not very flattering. "What on earth can we give the wretched woman?" they ask plaintively. The usual preliminary to an order for a very small present is, "You see, we don't know her awfully well, and we can't see why she ever asked us to the wedding." On the other hand, the vendeuse will sometimes hear as a prelude to the ordering of a very ostentatious present, "You know, he is frightfully rich. Met him at dinner the other night. Might be very useful to me one of these days."

People who give wedding presents want a run for their money

SOME brides-to-be return presents and have them exchanged even before they have gone to the altar. One girl wrote down that she did not want military vases or anything Chinese. Probably a complex somewhere. Married women will come in with an ornament and say, "This was given me only the other day. Can I change it?" And they have had it for eight months.

SOME brides put down on the wanted list everything that can possibly be garnished with hunting scenes—lamps, fire-screens, pictures, mirrors, even finger-bowls. What they don't want, usually, are aquariums, handbags, cigarette-boxes, cocktail-shakers, decanters, and wine glasses. They like rugs, lamps, bridge-tables, and bathroom bottles. One girl wrote down in her wanted list two unusual articles—cocottes variés and French peasant crockery. Another, admitting that she had not yet got her man, wrote down a request for bridge-tables, sponge bags, a tantalus, zipper rugs, hock glasses, a visitor's book, and a pigskin passport case. She got her man too.

SAID one of the vendeuses, "Oh, no, they are not a bit coy, these future brides. They will tell you anything, quite unasked. One girl wrote down requests for eighty presents, and got all except the dinner-gong. Register office weddings are no good to us. Nor are quick engagements. A nice wedding at St. Margaret's, with a reception and display of gifts in a private house in Grosvenor Square, is the kind of thing we like." People who give wedding presents want a run for their money. Some girls get many more presents than others. It depends how popular they are with the boy friends, and also how wealthy those boy friends are.

(*Continued on page* iv)

Vandamm

JAZZ!

Frances Williams, a New York musical-comedy and vaudeville star, who is assisted in her song by negroid mechanical figures, seen in the background, which, at the word of command, add noisy melody to the number

At Osterley Park

Lord and Lady Jersey's London - Country Home

The Earl and Countess of Jersey, seen above and on the right, are lucky to own Osterley Park, for it is a real country house, and only a stone's throw from Mayfair. They entertained a large party there for Ascot

Rus in Urbe

Lady Jersey as Madame Boucher

Left: A photograph of Lady Jersey taken at the dress rehearsal of the Charity Matinée to be held at His Majesty's Theatre next week, when she will appear as "Madame Boucher," as Boucher painted her. Many of the famous French pictures shown at the Burlington House Exhibition will be reproduced in tableau form

DUNLOP REINFORCED
MADE IN ENGLAND
DUNLOP
In a Class by Themselves
DUNLOP
2H/173
C.F.H.

"THE SCENE IS ENGLAND A

There is no artist more capable of doing justice to so typicall
R.A., whose picture, described as "Unsaddling at Epsom Sa
This colour plate is a reproduction from a lithograph publishe

BY A. J. MUNNINGS, R.A.

AND THE MONTH IS JUNE"

English a subject as that seen above than Mr. A. J. Munnings, mmer Meeting," was exhibited at last year's Royal Academy. by Messrs. Frost and Reed in a limited edition of three hundred

SAFER MILES

because of the EXCLUSIVE TREAD

MORE MILES

because of the GUM-DIPPED CORDS

FIRESTONE TYRES GIVE YOU BOTH

Firestone

MADE IN ENGLAND
ON THE GREAT WEST ROAD NEAR LONDON

Débutantes of 1932

Below : Lady Hersey Boyle, who is the second daughter of the Earl and Countess of Glasgow, has two sisters and two brothers, the elder of whom, Viscount Kelburn, is in the Navy, and came of age last year

Tunbridge

The Lady Hersey Boyle

Hay Wrightson

Miss Christian Pike

Miss Christian Pike, known to her friends as "Pom," is the eldest daughter of Lt.-Col. Ebenezer Lecky Pike, M.C., and Mrs. Pike. Mrs. Pike is better known as Olive Snell, the famous artist

Below :

Miss Philippa Nash

who is the only child of Major-General Sir Philip Nash, K.C.M.G., and Lady Nash. She was presented at the Second Court, on May 12

Claude Harris

Kay Vaughan

Miss Jasmine Blyth

Above : Miss Jasmine Blyth, the daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Noel Blyth, is a stage as well as Society débutante, for she had her first part in "Elizabeth of England"; she has since played in "Julius Cæsar"

Right : Miss Pamela Bird was presented at the Third Court, on June 23. She is the daughter of Mr. E. Roy Bird, who represents the Skipton Division of Yorkshire in Parliament, and Mrs. Bird

Lenare

Miss Pamela Roy Bird

Yevonde

A QUIVERFUL!

A new portrait of Mrs. Vernon Tate, wife of Mr. George Vernon Tate, M.C., with her four daughters. The Hon. Diana Russell, on the right, is the daughter of the late Lord de Clifford, Mrs. Tate's first husband, and a sister of the present peer; Miss Cynthia Stock (left) is the daughter of Mrs. Tate's second husband, the late Captain Arthur Stock; and in front are Miss Pamela and Miss Virginia Tate

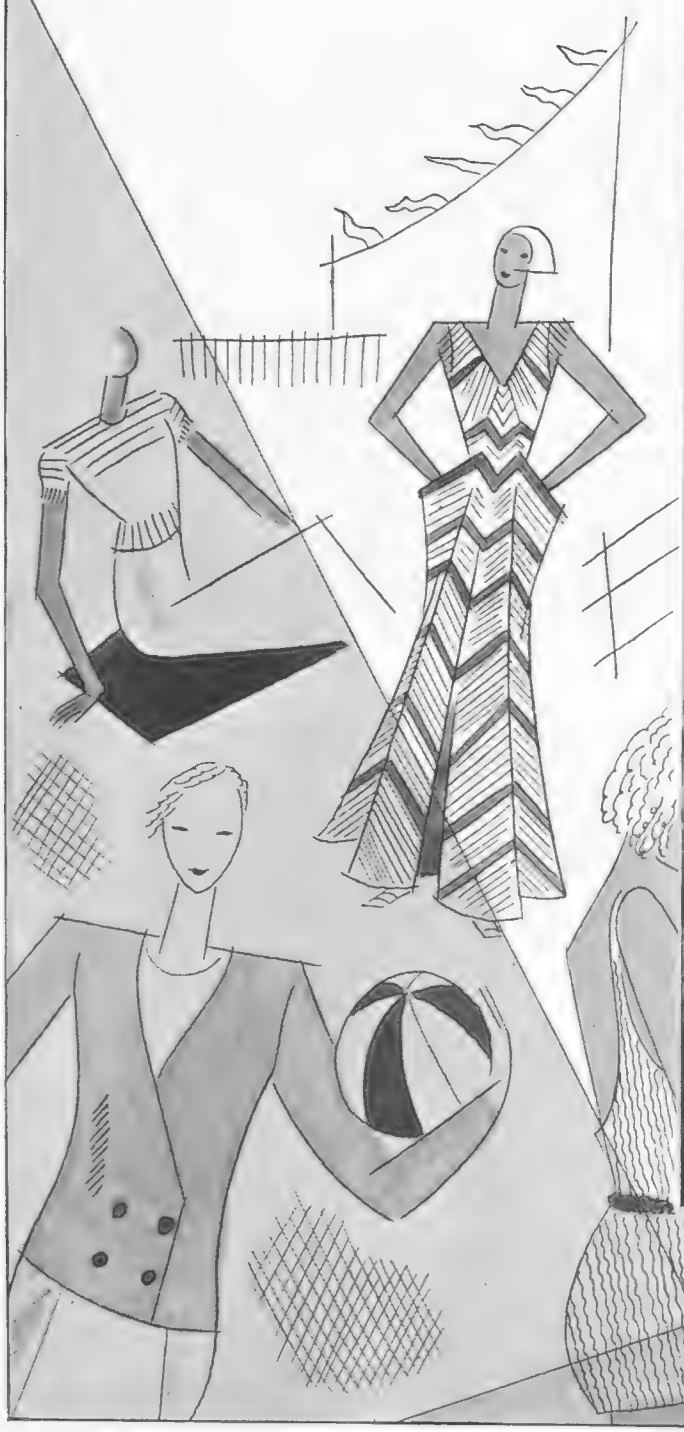
A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

Dorothy Wilding

THE MARCHIONESS OF MILFORD HAVEN has a house in the country near Maidenhead, where she spends most of her time. She is renowned for her chic, and here she is seen in a white satin gown and cape specially designed for her by E. Swatkoosky. The cape is asymmetrical and ties with a bow on one shoulder

Holiday Attire



(Extreme left)
SHORT waisted double-breasted woollen cardigan, obtainable in white, navy and several colours. Price 89/6. Fortnum and Mason

(Left above)
BEACH pyjamas made of striped linen, red and white, green and white or blue and white. Low cut back. Price 6 Gns. Fortnum and Mason

(Left)
WHITE woollen bathing suit in new ribbed stitch, very thick but dries immediately. Brightly coloured belt. Price 35/-. Fortnum and Mason

GAY girl in bathing trunks of stockinette, price 15/-. Also wears an Antibes shirt, in white, blue and several other colours. Price 32/6. Finnigans

BATHING suit with spotted top and dark trunks may be obtained in navy and white with pale blue spots or scarlet and white, 35/-. Finnigans

SEATED figure below with back rudely turned is wearing a three-piece backless bathing suit with cross-overs straps. Several colours, £3 18 6. Finnigans

LADY sitting in boat wears new transparent bathing suit of natural colour cotton-weave, panties and brassière doubled with red, green or blue. Price 25/6. Leathercraft

LADY standing (precariously) in boat wears pyjamas of Kaffir silk. Incredibly gay red, green and white plaid, also extremely well cut. Price 4 Gns. Leathercraft

N McGVINNESS

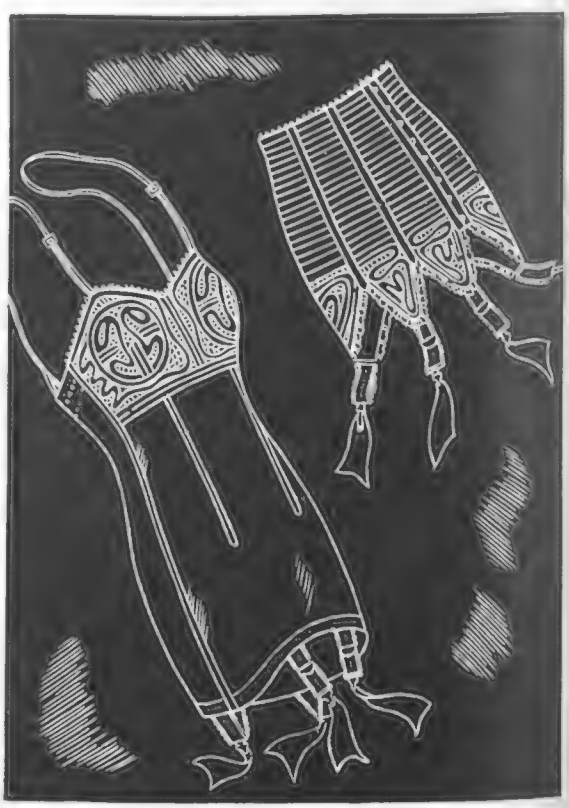
A Trousseau

Lucky

CHEMISE and drawers of pale pink crêpe de Chine trimmed with coffee-coloured Racine lace. Chemise cut on the cross in order to give slimming effect, drawers with fitted yoke and elastic at sides. From Woollands

FLESH-colour satin rest gown trimmed with deep coffee-colour lace. Cross-over bodice tied on one side, skirt continues into short train, flared lace sleeves tied with ribbons. Price 10½ guineas. Marshall & Snelgrove

NIGHTGOWN and bed-jacket to match made of pale pink washing crêpe trimmed with lace. Nightgown with unusual asymmetrical effect, one shoulder tied with ribbon bow, sash at back only. Evening drawers made of the minimum of pink satin cleverly cut and trimmed with lace. From Woollands



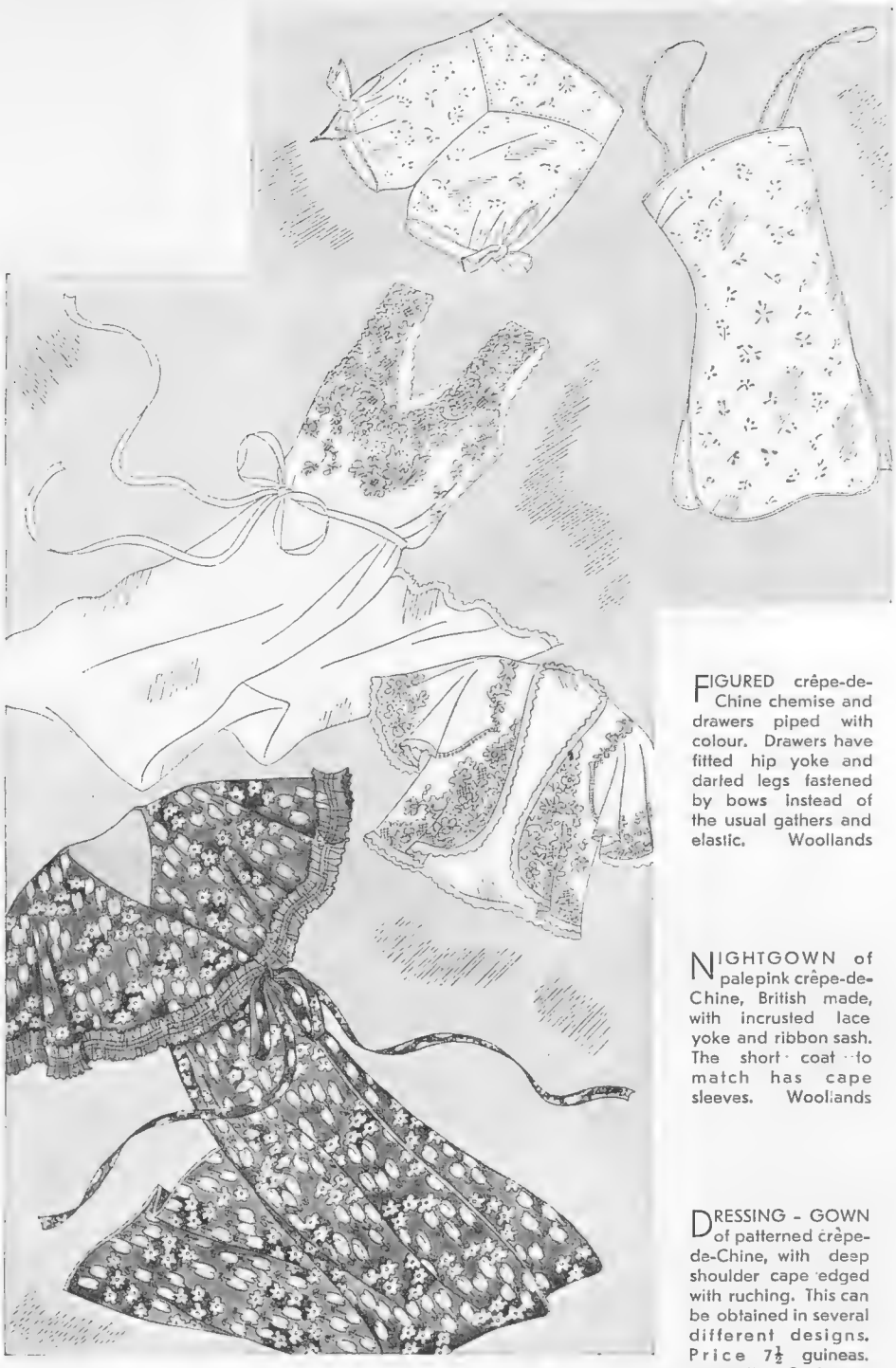
or the Bride

(Left)

ALL-IN-ONE Roussel corset of chiffon weight silk elastic with real lace brassière top to mould the figure. From 4½ guineas. Evening Roussel belt made entirely of hand-made lace and very lightly boned. Price 3 guineas

(Right)

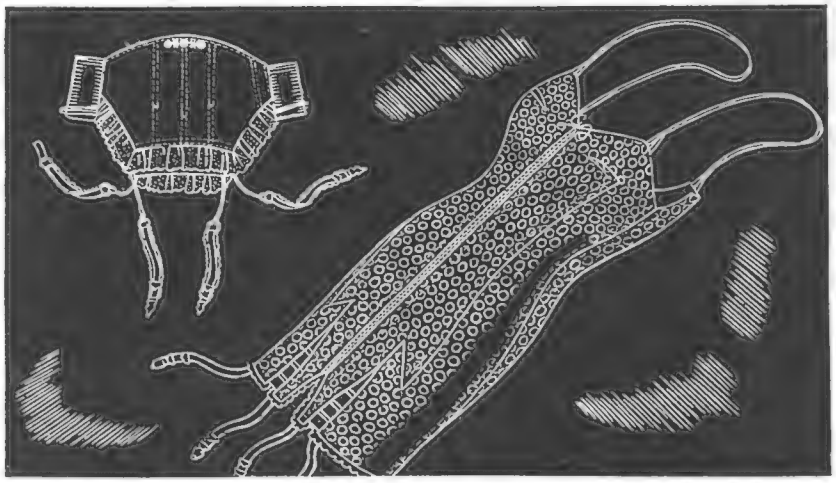
CLEVER Beautiform evening girdle, boned in front and with elastic sides, back and front suspenders attached to same elastic in order to facilitate movement, price 22/6. All-in-one garment of pink broché with zip fastener in front. This is a Beautiform garment and will control and mould the figure perfectly. From 5 guineas



FIGURED crêpe-de-Chine chemise and drawers piped with colour. Drawers have fitted hip yoke and darted legs fastened by bows instead of the usual gathers and elastic. Woollands

NIGHTGOWN of palepink crêpe-de-Chine, British made, with incrusted lace yoke and ribbon sash. The short coat to match has cape sleeves. Woollands

DRESSING-GOWN of patterned crêpe-de-Chine, with deep shoulder cape edged with ruching. This can be obtained in several different designs. Price 7½ guineas. Marshall & Snelgrove



To introduce our new Critic: Cedric Belfrage—The Reader; The Reader—Cedric Belfrage. We expect he will talk to you about the films

Cedric Belfrage

Our New Film Critic, discusses—

The Passing Picture Show

To be a successful cinema manager these days, you have to know how to take your audience's mind off the films.

Phil Hyams, for example, the Elephant and Castle's own Roxy, is doing wonderfully with his Yo-Yo competitions on the stage of the Trocadero. Films are also shown; but why bring that up?

And my favourite dispatch of the month from America tells of the triumph of the cinema manager in Syracuse, N.Y., who is giving his public a free facial or shampoo, together with two feature pictures, for 2s.

Meanwhile—let 's face it—the films get worse, and Hollywood magnates, one by one, go broke. Some of their stories are heartrending.

Adolph Zukor, of Paramount, has only got about a million dollars left in the bank. Hard times have compelled Louis B. Mayer and Irving Thalberg, of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, voluntarily to forgo for a few weeks during the summer their salaries of 800,000 dollars and 500,000 dollars a year respectively.

And Charles Christie, former producer, with his brother Al, of the famous Christie comedies, "hasn't a dime." He left his half-million-dollar home and rode all the way to the Los Angeles bankruptcy court in a Rolls-Royce to say so.

Conrad Nagel has been touring America trying to make the Smiths and the Joneses believe that the Big Shots in Hollywood have lost all their money.

And the Smiths and the Joneses, who were wondering whether it would be more economical to use their film-company shares as fire-lighters or wallpaper, are sort of puzzled—because they thought *they* were the ones who had lost all the money.

Oh, well—as my Aunt Pansy said when she felt it incumbent on her to give notice to Larkin, the butler's chauffeur—we all have to make sacrifices these days.

Harry Milton, Dorothy Bouchier, and William Kendall at Hanworth Aerodrome, where some of the scenes in "The King's Cup," the new British air film, are being taken. There has not yet been a British film to compete with the American productions of this type

Even Howard Hughes, the young ex-billionaire who threw £750,000 into the production of *Hell's Angels*, and whose *Scarface* is now at the Empire, had to abandon a proposed film called *Zeppelin* because he couldn't raise the £100,000 it would have cost to produce.

Young Howard, who has not yet (so the gossips say) turned thirty, went into the picture game for the fun of the thing. His income in former halcyon days was said to be in the neighbourhood of £6000 a week, and film production was the only thing he could think of that would provide opportunities for throwing as much as that away.

Greatly to his surprise, his private income practically wilted away; and greatly to everyone else's, his film enterprise was a great financial success. So Howard dried his tears, and now he is heart, soul, and pocket in the celluloid racket.

Scarface and *Sky Devils*, his two productions now in the West End, are both worth seeing. Both have been operated on by the censors—for Howard's films are always rough and tough to a degree productive of "tut-tuts" from Signor Edward ("Scissors") Shortt—but there is enough left to tickle even jaded appetites.

In *Scarface* Howard does you as pretty a massacre as you could hope to see for three-and-six, and in *Sky Devils* lovers of the American wisecrack are catered for in deluxe fashion. These "cracks" are contributed by a battery of eminent Yankee penmen, including Robert ("New Yorker") Benchley, my favourite dramatic critic; Joseph Moncure March, author of that ribald hymn entitled *The Wild Party*; and the brothers Carroll and Garret Graham, who wrote the Hollywood satire, *Queer People*.

One of my major prejudices, I confess, is against war films that are all heroic. Frankly, I

One of the not-to-be-missed scenes in "Jack's the Boy," Hulbert, as a policeman on point duty in Bond Street, t principal parts. Needless to add that Bond Street its

detest heroes at the best of times. Cowards are far more human and more likeable. That is why *Sky Devils*, which is all about an American coward (Spencer Tracy) who is trying as hard as he can to desert from the army, finds a cosy welcome on my critical bosom. In any event, Spencer Tracy has been one of my favourites on the screen ever since *Quick Millions*. I am also an admirer of Ann Dvorak, one of the newcomers who are soaring to lofty places in the "talkies." She is so good in *Scarface* and *Sky Devils* that now rumour says she may be Ronald Colman's leading lady either in *Cynara* or *U-Boat*, whichever Ronald films next.

FILMS ABOUT TOWN

One Hour With You. Lubitsch's musical version of his silent success, "The Marriage Circle." Perhaps not the maestro at his very best, but bright and clever enough to rank as sound boredom insurance. (With Chevalier, Jeanette Macdonald, Genevieve Tobin and Roland Young.)

Mutter Krausen. A depressing silent film of Berlin slum life, with the added burden of syrupy melodramatics. Call me a bloated plutocrat, if you like, but I say it's spinach.

Jack's the Boy. Good, rollicking English humour, with Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge in tip-top form.

Paul Muni (centre) who plays the name part in "Scarface," the gangster film to end gangster films, which is at the Empire. All the principal characters but one have been "bumped off" by the end

Right: Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette Macdonald in the new Lubitsch film, "One Hour With You," which has followed his "The Man I Killed" at the Carlton

"One Hour With You"

ferred to by our film critic, where Jack orkmen, and a very long ladder, play the as not made the rendezvous for this free show

THERE are two scenes in *Jack's the Boy*, the British picture at the Tivoli, which you ought not to miss. One reveals Jack Hulbert as a policeman on point duty who ties the traffic in a hopeless tangle in attempting to help two men cross the street with a ladder. In the other, Hulbert and his Mrs. (la belle Courtneidge) are pursued by crooks in Madame Tussaud's, and try to hide by disguising themselves as various historical waxworks. Of these scenes, as well as others less funny, it has, unfortunately, to be admitted that they suffer from poor judgment in timing and cutting. Several extremely funny gags are carried on far too long, while others are left to die the death before they are properly established. Still, exhibitors and other sublime dignitaries of the film industry are satisfied that the picture has "box-office" written all over it—and I never argue with exhibitors. They know what they are talking about—sometimes. This is one of the occasions when they are certainly right, for the breeziness of the Hulberts makes up for everything when all is weighed in the balance. Jack is a comedian of rare talent.

THE craze for fancy credit titles at the beginning of films reaches the height of something or other in *Jack's the Boy*. These titles by themselves, elaborately prepared in animated cartoon fashion, last practically as long as the average *Mickey Mouse*—not that *Mickey Mouse* ever seems to last long enough for those who like him.

What do we go to the cinema for, anyway?

"Yo-Yo," says Phil Hyams.

"Potted musical comedy," says Sidney Bernstein, Czar of the Bernstein suburban cinemas.

"Organ solos," says the manager of the Regal, Marble Arch.

"You can search me," say I. "But certainly *not* for credit titles."

The Golfers' Club at Brookwood

Competitors in the Open Amateur Meeting held on the West Hill Links

R. V. Finlay driving from the 16th

R. Straker, who won the Challenge Bowl with 71—77 scratch, and A. C. Pope

G. B. Hannay (plus 1) who won the handicap with 153 net, congratulated by H. H. Hodges

A. C. Pope having a rough time of it in the tiger country

Left: D. G. Nairn passing the time of day with D. Anderson previous to the start of a round

Above: E. H. McCormick resting from his labours, with R. S. Stroyan standing by

Books of the Day

Happy Travel: The Last Edgar Wallace : By "Junius"

MR. OSBERT SITWELL is the happiest of travellers, and if you will let him take you by the hand, his *Winters of Content* (Duckworth; 15*s.*) will make you happy travellers, too, in an Italy little known to the tourist. Most books of travel reveal very little of their writers' personality. Every page of this book is eloquent of a personality always keenly, sometimes subtly, alive to history, art, architecture, natural beauty, and, above all, to the atmosphere of cities like Parma, once the prosperous capital of a sovereign-duchy, and where now grass grows in the streets.

Mr. Sitwell has the gift of reconstructing the past through the medium of the present. In a few sentences he gives a living picture of the progress through Italy, in the eighteenth century, of that Duke of Parma who became King of Naples and took the Farnese Hercules and other art treasures, now in the Naples Museum, in his baggage.

But his description of a lumber-room in the old ducal palace at Parma is a pathetic record. Napoleon's second wife, Marie-Louise of Austria, became Duchess of Parma after his exile to St. Helena. In this lumber-room in the attic, Mr. Sitwell saw the furniture—silver-gilt and ormulu—and the mother-of-pearl and gold cradle of her son, the King of Rome, presented to her by the city of Paris, which had been in her dressing-room when she was Empress of the French.

It is a book of delightful allusiveness and knowledge of little-known places.

"UNCONSIDERED TRIFLES" (Secker; 6*s.*), by Compton Mackenzie, covers twenty years of the writer's journalistic work, and are twenty-five articles collected from various publications by the publisher himself, together with the first talk Mr. Mackenzie gave on the wireless, "Siamese Cats and Some Islands." Mr. Mackenzie, as all the world knows, has a passion for islands. First, Capri, then Herm, in the Channel Islands, lured him, and there are delightful articles about both.

In a foreword, Mr. Mackenzie says that after re-reading the article "Poetry and the English Novel," written in 1912, he is confirmed in his belief that "much we attribute to the effect of the War was an inevitable development of our mechanical progress." An opinion which is now spreading widely.

Here is a pleasant subtlety in "What Women Have Taught Me." "Yes, women have certainly taught me to face facts, though they have not so far been able to make me disregard evidence."

But when is Mr. Mackenzie going to give us another novel?

MR. NOËL GODBER goes from strength to strength in the world of humour. His *Amazing Spectacles* was delightfully funny, but I find his new book, *Keep it Dark* (John Long; 7*s.* 6*d.*), even more amusing. Barry Bicester and his friend, Lord Cannock, are both in love with Lady Phyllis Fowey. They decide that the one who can earn his living—neither of them ever having attempted that difficult task—shall have a clear course with the lady.

Here is an original situation. But what follows makes every chapter a succession of delightful chuckles and laughter. Barry becomes a photographer; Lord Cannock an enquiry agent as to the number of ladies who wear pyjamas. I mustn't say any more for fear of spoiling your enjoyment of the funniest book of the year. Mr. Godber certainly has seized a live coal from the altar of humour; and an original humour, too.

Mrs. Cecil Duckworth

Wife of the head of the well-known publishing firm, and author of the play "Common Folk"

EDGAR WALLACE'S last book, *Sergeant Sir, Peter* (Chapman and Hall; 7*s.* 6*d.*), which was finished whilst he was at Hollywood, has what I can only describe as a doubly-sad interest. First because it is the last effort of that amazingly prolific brain, and then because it suggests that this writer of purely detective fiction had decided to introduce a new element into his work—humour.

The central character is Peter Dunn, a detective-sergeant and another Sherlock Holmes. He succeeds to a baronetcy and a fortune, but he is so indispensable to Scotland Yard that the authorities beg him to remain in the Reserve. Sergeant Sir Peter is concerned with eight cases, each of which has the Edgar Wallace genius for the unexpected, especially in the first story, "The Four Missing Merchants."

Noël Godber

Whose new book, "Keep it Dark," is reviewed on this page and is considered the funniest book of the year

A FIRST novel always attracts a reviewer's attention. It may be the first expression of genius; the first leaf on a future "best-seller" tree. Myself, I think Miss G. E. Trevelyan will go very far if she chooses more sympathetic themes for her next books than that around which she has written *Appius and Virginia* (Secker; 7*s.* 6*d.*).

The book is well written. It has colour and character, but an ethnological experiment is not the subject for a novel. An old maid, Virginia Hutton, weary of boarding-houses, and imbued with the Darwinian belief that man is the outcome of the ape, buys a baby orang and sets about its training as a human being.

To this end she takes a cottage in the country, and for ten years lives wholly remote from the world with Appius, the ape. She succeeds in teaching him to talk, to read, to walk upright, to dress and undress himself. Miss Trevelyan would have us believe that Virginia also succeeds in teaching Appius to reason, because, when the ape finds out from a picture-book that he is not a man, the original savage asserts itself, and he kills Virginia.

In more ways than one the story strains credibility to breaking-point—especially in the domestic arrangements at the cottage. Miss Trevelyan undoubtedly has a talent, but it would have more effective scope if applied to a wholly human setting.

I SEE that Lieut.-Colonel A. H. Lane's book, *The Alien Menace* (Boswell; 7*s.* 6*d.*), has gone into a third edition. Colonel Lane's carefully collected facts about the aliens in this country are startling, and one can only hope that it will lead to drastic changes in the present immigration laws.

Collaborators at Large:

SEEKING TALENT in the "ZOO"

Lecture by Gerard Fairlie. Lantern Slides by H. H. Harris

Darts were very successful until the Elephant took an unfair advantage——

HARRIS and I met by appointment. That is to say that I said to Harris: "Meet me at the Main Gate as near to two as you can. You know, the one by the canal," and Harris signified assent. As near to two as I could I was at the Main Gate, but as it was a little late and I could see no sign of Harris, I racked my brain and remembered that the North Gate was near the canal. Much nearer the canal, in fact. So off I went there.

At about this moment Harris arrived by taxi outside the Main Gate. Seeing no sign of me he racked his brains and thought of the North Gate too. So did the taximan, who went as far as to suggest it. So off they went there.

Now I hadn't found Harris at the North Gate, so I forgot to leave a message and returned to the Main Gate. Harris didn't find me at the North Gate either. The taximan looked pleased, and suggested the South Gate. Harris said would he throw in the East and West as well, and emphatically no: they were poles apart, anyway. But just to show there was no ill-feeling, what about the Main Gate again? The taximan agreed.

So we met by appointment as near to two as we could.

YOU see, we were having a most important meeting to settle a most important problem. Harris and I had seen some eighty thousand people pay to enter the White City gates in order to witness the greyhound-racing Derby. Two thoughts had struck us: the first, that somebody must be making a lot of money; the second, that what a pity it wasn't us.

But when we get ideas you just can't stop us. Harris and Fairlie are of the bulldog breed which bites and then can't open its jaws: you know, like a child with caramel.

So I said to Harris:

"Harris, if greyhounds, why not something else?"

"What else?" said Harris intelligently, showing that he had got the germ of the idea.

"Almost anything else," I said in the grand manner, just in that tone of voice which actually heralds the production of the rabbit from the old gentleman's left nostril. "Lions, tigers, monkeys . . . even elephants!"

"You 're loopy," said Harris.

I said some more.

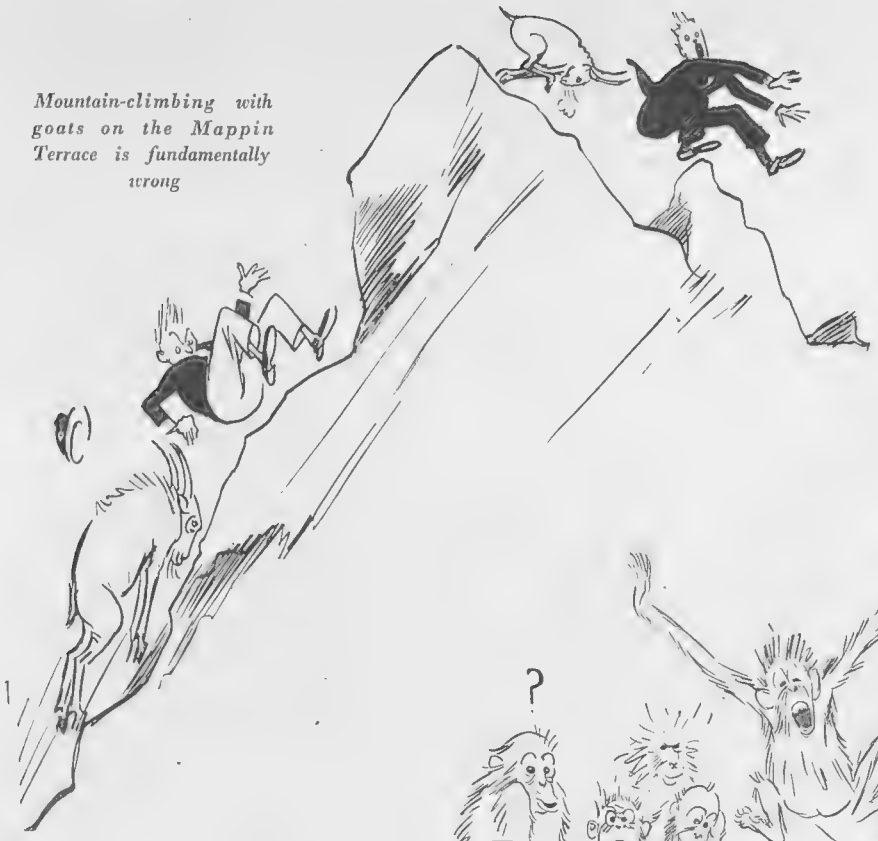
"Positively nuts," said Harris. But he agreed to accompany me to the "Zoo."

MY idea was a very good one. You see, I thought if eighty thousand people could be induced voluntarily to spend their money in going to see greyhounds racing, then there should be huge public support for other forms of animal Olympic activities as well. Where there is huge public support there are often huge private profits. And where there are huge private profits then very often there is a direct interest in various honours lists as well. I could already practically see myself a baronet, and Harris with a crown.

So Harris and I met by appointment as near to two as we could at the "Zoo" gates, in order to see what the animals could do.

WE first of all went into the Aviary. Harris said, "What lovely little birds! Do you think it would be possible to do anything with them?" Someone scarcely waited for him to finish, but said in a deep contralto: "Hullo! How are you?" I looked up, surprised,

——and we told him so!



Mountain-climbing with goats on the Mappin Terrace is fundamentally wrong

because I hadn't noticed anyone else near, but I saw that there was a really lovely girl just by my elbow. Gratified, I said I was very well, that I was delighted my health meant so much to her, and that I would be only too delighted if she would let me show her the Polar bears. Or, if she would prefer it . . .

I couldn't go on speaking at that moment, because it became suddenly obvious that impact was imminent and that I had to duck. I did duck. Harris, just behind me, got the full force of the infuriated young woman's blow. At the same moment a deep contralto voice said, "Hullo! How are you?"

WELL, the young woman left in a huff, even after the talking bird, which was a Hill Mynah (but Eulabes Intermedia to you), had apologised. I looked at Harris and said that Eulabes didn't seem to be suitable for anything in our line except as a rival to Jeff Dickson in fight promotion. Harris said that we had got the bird, so let's leave it at that. I thought it better to agree, in case he thought up a worse one.

WE passed through the Insect House after that, but we just passed through it, like a tourist passes through Turin. There was evidently nothing for us there. There certainly was a colony of ants, but Harris said that looked much too much like work. Harris said you couldn't get people to pay to watch work: that was only a popular occupation if it was free, and it had to make a noise to be a really attractive sport even then.

WE spent some time with the elephants. They showed a remarkable aptitude for darts, but seemed to have an unfair advantage by making use of their trunks. Harris said that he'd back his elephant against even the bar-tender at his local, but just at that moment Harris was rather put off the idea, because the elephant suddenly showed signs of resenting Harris's claim to owning it. Harris left the vicinity, and I caught him up again, very much later, by the sea-lions. It was found that Harris had put up a new record for the distance, the previous holder being a foreign visitor who had inadvertently tweaked a trunk. So there, at last, is one record won back for England.

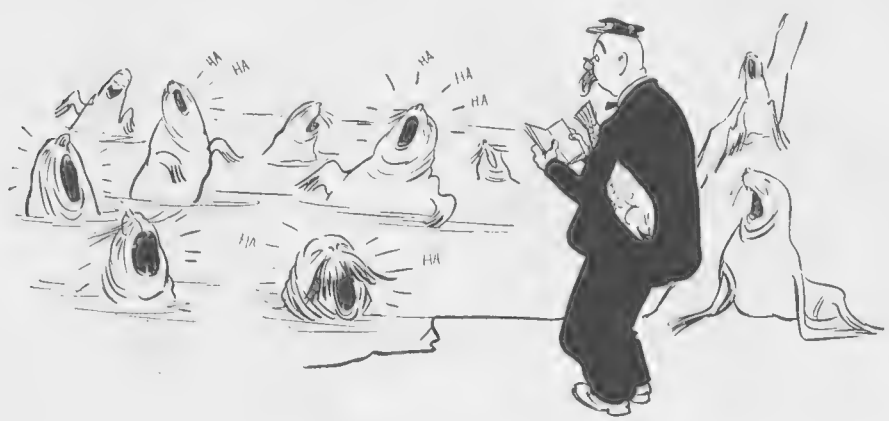
All-in wrestling among the monkeys

WE watched the sea-lions playing water-polo with a fish. The fish lost every time. The keepers gave a foul once or twice, but the sea-lions paid no attention, and the fish weren't there even to hear the whistle.

Then, for a short space of time, the monkeys crowded an exhibition of all-in wrestling into a hectic few minutes, and I was really thoroughly enjoying myself when Harris dragged me away.

We left the Zoological Gardens with our minds still undecided. As we walked along the street we saw the bird of the Aviary coming in the opposite direction. She had a greyhound on a leash. As she passed, we doffed. As it passed, it snapped.

WHEN we met again, both out of breath, Harris said news got round too quickly with these greyhounds, and he was not going to be mixed up in any more opposition schemes. So, instead of taking in the boodle, we are paying out just as usual.



Keeper reading out the fouls in Fish Polo

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

Sarazen Again. Two Good Golfers

As I sit down to write these words, the news has just come through from Long Island that Gene Sarazen, who won our Open Championship a fortnight ago at Prince's, Sandwich, has added to this title the United States Open Championship, with an aggregate of 286 for the four rounds. Sarazen has thus followed in the footsteps of Bobby Jones by winning both the British and the American Open Championships in the same year.

I have to confess that when watching Sarazen at Prince's it occurred to me that he was right at the top of his game, and that if America could produce somebody to beat him, then, indeed, American golf must be on a pinnacle hitherto not reached even in the glorious days of R. T. Jones. Although Gene Sarazen did win somewhat comfortably in the end, his last round was almost unbelievably good and broke the record of the course by two strokes, a record which had only just been established, earlier that afternoon, by R. Cruikshank (Port Richmond). He was faced, when he started his fourth round, with the necessity of at least equalling the record to win, and he must have known this some time before he finished his round. In the circumstances, to play the last seven holes in three, four, three, three, five, four, four, is a magnificent example of grit and a great demonstration of fighting qualities generally, and I am informed that he accomplished these figures chiefly through extraordinarily accurate approach play, and putting which was little short of marvellous. Those who watched him at Sandwich will remember that the impression obtained by watching Gene Sarazen putt, no matter from what part of the green, was that the ball could scarcely fail to drop into the hole after it was struck. I think he is more impressive near the green than any other golfer I have seen.

A. MacMurchy, the Hadley Wood captain, and Sir Lambert Ward (House of Commons) going to the first green in the House of Commons v. Hadley Wood golf match

Sir M. Mackenzie Wood, M.P., and H. R. Dottridge (Hadley Wood), who played in the House of Commons and Hadley Wood golf match, won by the latter by 7 to 3

The Hon. John Coventry and Mr. Arthur Cole, who competed in the Bachelors' Club June Meeting held at Prince's Club

Oddly enough, a golfer whom we have known in this country, and claimed as our own in a Walker Cup Match, finished second, making his first appearance in competitive golf as a professional. This was T. P. Perkins, who had entered from New York City. I am not aware whether this is a club to which he is now attached as professional, or whether his entry was received when he was still an amateur, but certainly this is the finest performance which he has yet achieved, and should be a good omen for his future career. Perkins has two claims to fame in this country. The first, that he was once our British Amateur Champion, and a very deserving one at that; the second, a fame which is not so pleasant. Perkins was concerned with Roger Wethered in a Final which lasted—I am writing from memory, but I think I am right—just over seven hours for the two rounds. Perkins was concerned also, in the following year, when he was the holder of the title, in a very slow match at Sandwich, when, having lost more than one clear hole from those in front of him, he was asked to allow the couple behind to pass through—and refused this courtesy. Perkins went to America almost immediately afterwards, and has since then lived over there and played a great deal of golf, as an amateur, with quite a fair measure of success, and I should like very much to see him play again, for, apart from being an extraordinarily fine player, I cannot help feeling that he must have quickened up his game considerably, since Americans play the game at the speed at which it should be played.

It is interesting to remind ourselves that Sarazen's aggregate when he won the Championship here so recently was two strokes better than any previous winning score, and that in this latest triumph of his, his total of 286 equals the record for the United States Open Championship, which was previously held by Chick Evans, who succeeded in putting up these figures in 1916.

I cannot think of any American who could possibly have been a more popular winner over here; Sarazen made himself a person of affection to British crowds by the manner of his winning at Prince's, and America has long treated him as a favourite. This great double should mean large financial reward, and he thoroughly deserves it.

It so happened that I found myself at Sunningdale recently just in sufficient time to see twenty-five per cent. of the match between the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society and the Club. In one of the matches which I watched I had the pleasure of seeing the man whom I still maintain to be just about the finest amateur golfer in this country. As all my regular readers will know, I am now speaking of C. V. L. Hooman. Opposed to him in this particular match which I watched was one of the most improved golfers of the year, in the person of the present Surrey Amateur-Champion, Brigadier-General A. C. Critchley. It struck me that they formed a very remarkable contrast: in the case of Hooman, here is a golfer who, some ten years ago, was considered to be one of the finest, if not the very finest, of amateurs right back to his very best form. In the case of Critchley, here is a golfer who, ten years ago, was entirely unknown and unheard-of, who one year ago was considered good, but not class, but who now definitely must be considered liable, even likely, to beat anybody.

It would be rather amusing were both these players to find themselves in the same English side at Troon for the International Matches in August. To my mind, there is very little doubt that both should be included, but because of the ways of selectors I shall be mightily surprised if either of them is. I can but wish them luck.

Left: Sir John and Lady Pole-Carew, with Lady Winifred Cecil, on the show ground

Right: Miss Rosemary Bainbridge and Miss Lorna Hargreaves, sharing a joke with Lady Lena Agar and Lady Dorothea Ashley-Cooper

Below: Lord and Lady Mountgarret, two interested spectators at Peterborough last week

Lady Ainsworth, whose hunter, Cottage Pie, was third in one of the events, with Lady Ebrington, who was also a competitor

Above: The Hon. Mrs. Fitzalan Howard at the Hound Show, where no less than fifteen packs were represented

Horsiculture

The Peterborough Agricultural and National Foxhound Show

Left: Mrs. R. J. Smith-Ryland and Mrs. Norman Loder walking round between events, which were witnessed by the Duke of York, who is this year's President of the Show, and the Duchess of York

Sport with the Lid Off:

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary

By "Mark Over"

J. V. Powell (L.A.C.), a strongly fancied half-mile candidate for the Olympic Games

MR. JAMES DOUGLAS is a journalist. He saves the Great British Public from itself every week in a Sunday newspaper. He has a remarkable nose for Sin, which he detects in the most unlikely places in order to denounce it. He goes all sentimental at the mention of homes, and mothers, and little dogs, and is given to slobbering over them. A harmless man, in short, so long as he is content to write his mush for maiden ladies.

Unfortunately, Mr. Douglas took it into his head to go to Lord's for an hour or so in the evening of the first day of the Test Match between All-India and England. At this period Navle and Naoomal were beginning All-India's first innings, and playing extremely well in a failing light against the pick of England's bowlers. This apparently bored Mr. Douglas, and he went away and wrote for his paper one of the most ignorant and ill-advised articles I have ever read. Not only was it ignorant, but it was discourteous, for he accused the Indians of appealing against the light, though he might have taken the trouble to find out that the laws of cricket no longer allow batsmen to make any such appeal.

THE light was shocking, and the umpires had every reason for stopping play. Mr. Douglas's comments were entirely unjustified, and I find it difficult to understand why he should go to Lord's at all, when he obviously knows nothing, and cares less, about cricket. It is even more difficult to understand why his irresponsible remarks should have been given so much prominence in a responsible newspaper, for journalism of this kind brings more discredit upon itself than upon the things it attacks.

I hope steps were taken to explain to our visitors that Mr. Douglas's opinion of their cricket was hardly representative, and, in the meanwhile, I would suggest to Mr. Douglas, and to those who employ him, that the cobbler should stick to his last.

AS a matter of fact, the batting of Navle and Naoomal on that Saturday evening was much applauded and admired, for they were consolidating the position so splendidly won by the Indian bowlers earlier in the day. They are most attractive cricketers, these Indians, and as I watched them, it occurred to me that a match between representative All-Black and All-White teams would be exceedingly interesting.

THE All-Blacks would be able to call upon some of the West Indian players, such as Headley, who is one of the greatest living batsmen, and may justifiably be ranked with Bradman as a scoring machine. Then there is Constantine, now playing in Lancashire League cricket, one of the finest fielders in the history of the game, a devastating fast bowler and a superb hitter. Of the present All-India side we have C. K. Nayudu, an all-rounder of the highest class, and Amar Singh, also an outstanding all-rounder, and one of the most dangerous opening bowlers now playing. Mahomed Nissar and Jehangir Khan might, perhaps, be included, and then there are batsmen like Duleepsinhji and the Nawab of Pataudi. Navle is a first-rate wicket-keeper, and I am told that there are at least two Indian cricketers who could not make the tour with the present team, though they are definitely better players than any of those who have come over here.

I DON'T propose to pick the All-White team, though perhaps it is safe to say that Bradman, Sutcliffe, Jardine, Woodfull Hammond, and Grimmett would be included. But what a game it would be, and what crowds would come to see it!

I'M glad, by the way, to note that the M.C.C. team, which is to tour Australia next winter, will play matches in New Zealand, at Wellington, Christchurch, and Auckland. There is more underlying this statement than is immediately apparent, for it represents a triumph over the Australian cricket authorities, who, for reasons of their own, were opposed to the idea that the M.C.C. team should visit New Zealand. The relations between the New Zealand and Australian Boards of Control are not exactly friendly, and my own sympathies are entirely with New Zealand. I was fortunate enough to see a good deal of the New Zealand authorities when they were over here last summer, and more straightforward, pleasant people it would be hard to imagine.

ON Friday, while we are still talking cricket, the Eton and Harrow match begins at Lord's, and I hope that at last Harrow will manage to win. The succession of Eton victories has become dismally monotonous, and even Etonians would welcome a Harrow revival. And what about Kent's chances for the County

F. J. Perry, beaten by J. H. Crawford at Wimbledon last week

The Leander Eight, who were favourites for the Grand Challenge Cup at the Henley Regatta

Right: The fall of a Champion. Jean Borotra, defeated for a place in the last eight at Wimbledon by E. Maier, of Spain

Championship? Here would be a popular victory if ever there was one, for Kent are a delightful side, and they play the right sort of cricket. The Kent crowd, however, is not so popular with players from other counties, for it is so partisan that it is apt to be unsporting.

BY the time these notes appear we may have welcomed two new boxing champions, for on Monday Len Harvey fought Marcel Thil for the middle-weight championship of the world, and yesterday Reggie Meen and Jack Petersen did battle for the heavy-weight title of Great Britain. Writing before the events, I would back Harvey and Petersen respectively, despite the alarming stories which Meen's manager is circulating about his man's savage right hook. Meen is apparently crashing his sparring partners through the ropes like nine-pins, and if only he will fight with the same spirit in the ring we may have to revise our opinion of him. I doubt it, though, and if I had to put my money on the man who is to be the next British heavy-weight champion of the world, I should plump it down on Guardsman Jack Doyle.

ONE more boxing note—I see that on July 11 Kid Berg, of Poplar, is to fight Kid Chocolate in America. If Berg wins, he will have a smack at the winner of the Tony Canzoneri-Billy Petrolle fight for the world's light-weight championship. This will be Berg's last chance, and it will be a triumph if he pulls it off, and a welcome one, too, for he is a game little fighter, and a popular one in America as well as in his own country. I shall never forget the way he thrashed Mushy Callahan at the Albert Hall by sheer fire and determination. If only he could give our big fellows some of his fighting spirit, England might find a place on the heavy-weight map again.

FINALLY, you may have noted that the South American cricketers have been complaining that they were disgracefully treated when they played Oxford in the Parks. One of them has written a most indignant letter to a South American paper, commenting upon the lack of hospitality and the hostile attitude of the Parks crowd. There has been some misunderstanding here. Alan Melville, the Oxford captain, was completely taken by surprise when I asked him about it, and I think the explanation must be that several of the Oxford team were grappling with the examiners just about then, and so could not get away to entertain their visitors properly.

Below: A wonderful picture of R. M. Evans, of the Wanderers Athletic Club, South Africa, in training for the Olympic Games at the White City Stadium

Dan Sullivan (centre), the famous old sculling champion, G. H. Buhtz, and G. Boetzelen, both of the Berliner Ruderplatz, competitors for the Diamonds at Henley

Action Front!

IT is perhaps true that University teams are a little casual about looking after visiting players, and this is a matter which might be taken up by the captains of various games. Hospitality after the game is almost as important as the game itself, and at Oxford and Cambridge the arts of hospitality should be both properly understood and generously practised, and it should not be left to chance.

As for the suggestion that the Parks crowd was hostile, that seems to me ludicrous, for anything more lethargic and somnolent than the handful of spectators who watch cricket at Oxford I cannot imagine. Indifference? Yes; but hostile — perish the thought!

The Air Race of the Year at Brooklands

By Capt. C. E. Ward

The King's Cup

On Friday and Saturday, July 8 and 9, the race for the King's Cup will take place, the start and finish being at Brooklands. This is the principal sporting event of the season; especially so on this occasion, because professional pilots have been allowed to compete again with amateurs. The award of the Siddeley Trophy is also decided during the same race, which accounts for the fact that quite a number of machines are entered which will have difficulty in maintaining the minimum handicap speed of 110 miles an hour. Amongst new types to watch are the Comper Swift, with a Gypsy engine, entered by the Prince of Wales; the Fox Moth, which has not previously been raced; the Avro mail-'plane, starting scratch; the Segrave and the Monospar, twin-engined machines, almost identical in appearance; and the Perceval Gull, an unknown quantity, to be piloted by its designer. Unfortunately, the latest Napier six-cylinder air-cooled engine is not ready in time for the race, but it has achieved its C. of A., and should give a good account of itself later in the year.

The Progress of Gliding

This year, for the first time, the R.A.F. Display at Hendon included a demonstration of gliding, three silent and powerless aircraft being towed up to a height of about 2000 feet by three Moths in formation, after which the gliders cast off and made their graceful descent to the aerodrome. Thousands of people who had never seen a glider were amazed at the slow landing speed of the B.A.C. type used, which came to rest at about five or six miles an hour. Gliding, in this country, has received scarcely any assistance from official quarters in the form of subsidy, whereas in Germany and France £22,000 and £8000 respectively are being granted during this year to support the civilian clubs. Lord Wakefield gave £1000 to the British Gliding Association, and there have been a number of smaller donations, but the movement needs an endowment fund if it is to survive. The offices of the Secretary are at 19, Berkeley Street, W.1, where full information can be obtained by anyone who is interested. The National Aviation Day Display which is being given all over the country by Sir Alan Cobham, includes a demonstration of gliding by Mr. Lowe-Wilde, so there will be few people at the end of the season who have not seen a glider in action.

The Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce, with the Saunders-Roe amphibian in which she and her husband will make their home for a month, whilst attempting to break the world's endurance record. This machine has been flying between Gibraltar and North Africa for some months, and, having three engines, it should be as safe as a house

A Brain Wave

The Display at Hendon is always a great occasion for the largest possible number of people, and I imagine that about half a million, including the "hedge guests" in the surrounding fields, saw the Royal Air Force at work; but there is never any opportunity on this occasion for those technically or commercially minded to examine the machines at close quarters and to learn something of value. Someone in the Society of British Aircraft Constructors, however, had a brain wave and, with the co-operation of the Air Ministry, a second Display was organised two days later for British and foreign buyers, a large number of interesting civil machines, several of which had come straight from the factory, being added to the Service aircraft on view. It was really an Exhibition, far more useful than any that have been staged indoors, because the machines were demonstrated in their native element after people had had an opportunity of seeing them on the ground.

For Passengers and Mails

The "Atalanta," a coloured drawing of which appeared in our Annual Flying Number, in May, was flown for the first time in public, and created a very favourable impression. Imperial Airways are putting four of these machines on the African Mail Route in the early autumn, and the remaining four will be in service by the beginning of next year. Accommodation for the pilots, crew, and passengers is excellent in every way, and the detailed design shows that operating conditions in the tropics have been studied with great care. The Blackburn Trainer, with side-by-side seating, is interesting because of its simple metal construction, which should be as easy to repair as wood. Both of the Spartan machines were impressive, the three-seater for the reason that it is cheap to buy and seems to be under control at very low speeds, and the "Cruiser"—which is the passenger version of the mail-'plane flown to Karachi by Captain Stack—because of its efficiency and high performance. Altogether, there were thirty-six different machines at this Trade Show, the majority being designed for war purposes; but although these latter are not of much interest to clubs and private owners, their sale abroad helps the industry to reduce the cost of flying for civilians.

The Prince of Wales's entry for the King's Cup Race, to be flown from Brooklands on Friday and Saturday next, is a Comper Swift with a Gypsy engine, seen above with Flight-Lieut. Comper standing beside it. It is to be raced by Flight-Lieut. E. H. Fielden, who is personal pilot to the Prince of Wales.

Improved Facilities

Lloyd's Register and the British Corporation have joined forces in so far as their aviation interests are concerned, which will be of considerable advantage to all civil pilots in that one standard of airworthiness can be maintained throughout the country. The Shadow-Bar Floodlight will be available at Heston every Sunday night until further notice. On other nights 'phone Hayes 410.

From the Four Corners of the Earth they came

and battled on the Centre Court

Above: J. H. Crawford, the best player Australia has sent since Gerald Patterson. Top left: J. Satoh, the unseeded surprise of the tournament, who beat the holder, S. B. Wood

Above: H. W. Austin, whose classic strokes recall those of the famous brothers Doherty. Right: H. E. Vines, America's youngest champion

Globe supplied by Geographia Ltd., 55, Fleet Street.

CARS with a Personality:

No. 10

The Rover "Meteor" Sports Model

By

The Earl of Cardigan

Above: An unusual view, showing the Rover's front appearance, and the great width of the doors

Right: The folding front seats, together with the wide door opening, enable all passengers to enter and leave easily. Although this saloon body is a compact one, the back seat provides very adequate leg-room

Left: Built-in luggage trunk is of substantial dimensions, and makes good use of the space available between the back seat and the tank

Right: The engine looks, and is, a very powerful and efficient unit. Note the modern down-draught carburetter, and well-placed front brake adjustment rod

Below: The neat lay-out of the controls and instruments is clearly seen through the folding roof, which is of large area

AFTER driving their 20-h.p. "Meteor" sports model, I am indebted to the Rover Company for a very agreeable surprise. I had not dared to hope, in 1932, that I should have the opportunity to drive a medium-sized saloon car having a top gear ratio of 4 to 1. Let me explain what this means.

In the average modern car, the engine revolves at least five times—sometimes nearly six times—for every revolution of the rear wheels. In the Rover, it revolves four times only. In the average car, therefore, an engine speed of 2,000 r.p.m. produces a road speed of about 30 m.p.h. In the Rover, it produces a road speed of approximately 40 m.p.h.

A BIT technical, perhaps, but, in plain language, this means that the Rover engine, at 40 m.p.h., feels as if it was running at only 30 m.p.h., and the sensation is an extremely pleasant one to those who dislike the feeling of undue activity taking place under the bonnet. A maximum speed of over 80 m.p.h. is obtainable.

In third gear, which, at 6 to 1, is also notably higher than the average, the same advantages are found. The maximum speed in this gear is certainly over 60 m.p.h., and here, again, reasonably high speeds can be obtained without urging the engine to revolve at an aggressive pace.

SOME people may imagine that this car must have compensating disadvantages, such as lack of flexibility and the need for continual gear-changing. I did not find it so. Certainly, it is desirable to use first gear for starting, and third gear fairly freely in traffic, but the latter is extremely simple to engage, and, since it is practically silent, may be kept in use for an indefinite period without becoming in any way objectionable. A little skill in driving is, of course, advantageous, but not actually essential.

ANOTHER good point of the Rover is that the front seats of the saloon body are extremely comfortable, and all the controls well placed. The instrument panel has a useful addition in the shape of a revolution counter. This is not often fitted to cars intended for the ordinary driver, but it will be found to serve a very useful purpose if it is used to keep the engine speed within reasonable high and low limits. The back seat is also comfortable and roomy, but has comparatively little head-room, so that tall passengers may have to remove their hats.

THE steering is excellent, and the springing good without being outstandingly so. The brakes are of very great power, as, indeed, is necessary in a car which encourages the driver to high or moderately high speeds. They require, however, to be used with some degree of caution, since a sudden pressure on the pedal, such as one is liable to give in an emergency, will sometimes produce embarrassingly vigorous results. Few cars can be pulled up at shorter notice.

AT less than £500, the sports "Meteor" is a most interesting newcomer. It aims at combining the merits of a high-geared speed model with the practical comfort of a normal saloon car, and, to a very large extent, it undoubtedly succeeds in doing so, while the general lines and appearance of this new car are particularly pleasing to the eye.

The 21/60 WOLSELEY

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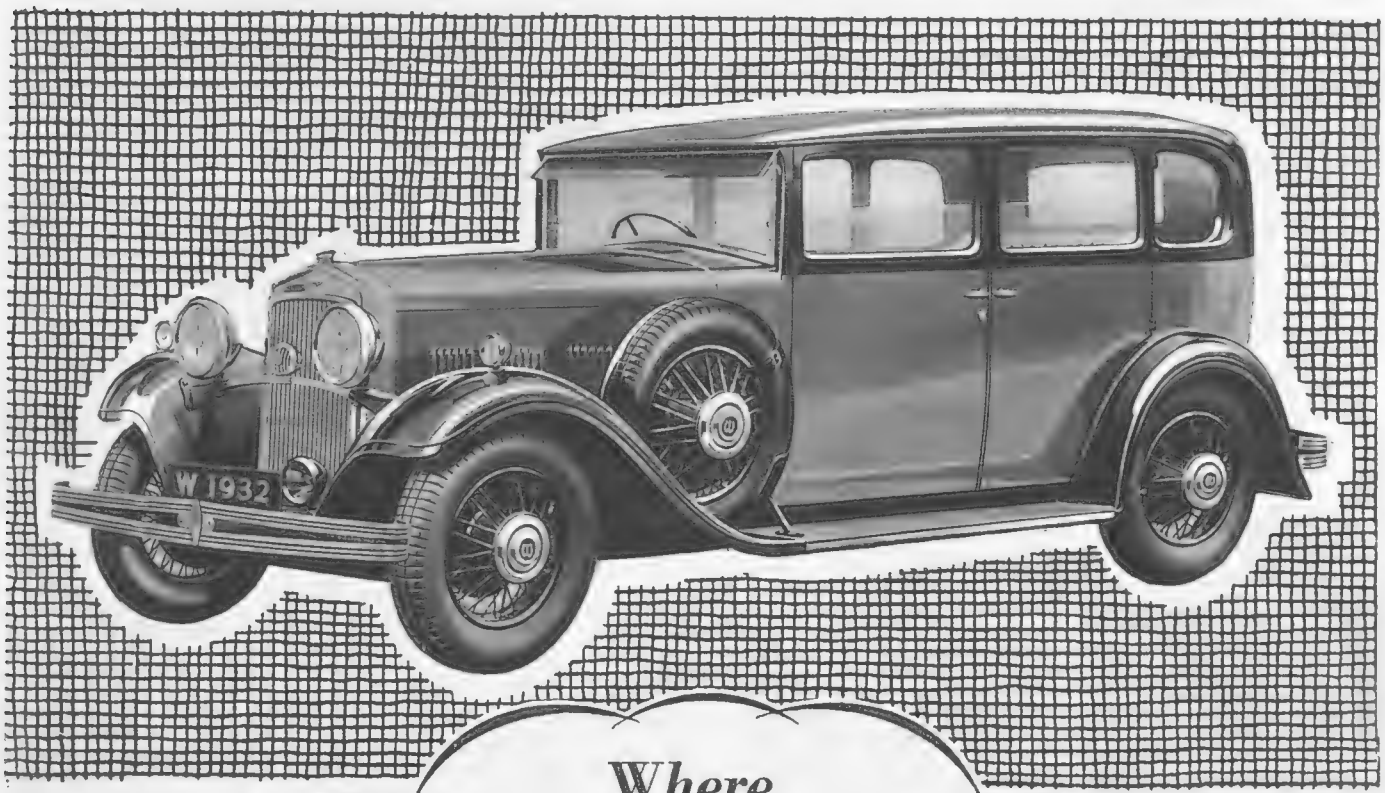

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The Dog Days: By Lady Kitty Ritson

IN this hot weather, it is very difficult to know whether to exercise dogs or to let them lie about and not bother about their exercise. I am inclined to think that they are the better for a short walk every day, even if it is hot, because one must remember that it is only through their tongues that they are able to eliminate the poisons which a human being gets rid of through the pores of the skin. If they are not exercised, but left to stop at home, they are inclined to suffer from overheated blood and to scratch themselves.

OF course, it is a mistake to take them out in the middle of the day, when it is very warm, as they get so hot and exhausted that the good they derive from the exercise is nullified by their exhaustion. This applies especially to heavy dogs. It makes my heart ache to see people trailing their dogs along the streets in the heat, never troubling to walk on the shady side of the road, they themselves being well protected by a sunshade. Besides, they are making their own pace, unlike the dog, which is obliged to follow at its owner's wish.

CERTAIN breeds of dogs appear to dislike the sun more than others, and amongst these are Alsatians, which should, by the work for which they were bred, and for which they are used on the Continent, be impervious to the heat. A sheep-herding dog must be prepared to run in the sun when looking after his charges, and not expect to retire to the shade when it becomes unpleasantly warm. However, whether it is because Alsatians have been pampered through too much showing in this country or whether they have been bred too big, the fact remains that they loathe heat, and will incarcerate themselves in the deepest shadows for choice.

NOW, funnily enough, elk-hounds, Finnish Spitz, and other northern dogs, do not seem to mind the sun nearly so much. I have a Spitz which lies in the sun for preference, and so do the dachshunds. Therefore, I allow them to remain, for a dog knows what is best for it. The ideal exercise for dogs in this weather is swimming—that is, if they like it, and most of them do, unless they have been thrown in and thus frightened. Fresh water is better than salt, as the latter is apt to make them scratch.

IT is quite useless to put a lump of sulphur in a dog's drinking water, as the water does not absorb it; it is better to buy the powdered sulphur and to mix it with butter or fat, and administer it to the dog in this way. You know then that the dog has really swallowed it. A small dose of Epsom salt every other morning is also a good thing in the summer.

A DOG should, if living in the country, be left to itself during the heat of the day, provided it has a patch of shade and plenty of cold, fresh water. In this way, it will be able to do what is best for its own comfort and convenience. Early morning and late evening are the best times for exercise, or if both are impossible, then the evening for preference, as it gives the dog an opportunity for making itself comfortable before going to bed.

Salukis on Show

The Hon. Mrs. Florence Amherst's salukis exhibited at the Saluki and Gazelle Hounds Show held at Tattersalls last week

Greyhound Racing: By "White Citizen"

White City Dog Racing

Mrs. Critchley and Brig.-General Critchley, Managing Director of the Greyhound Racing Association, and one of the foremost amateur golfers of the day, watching the racing at the White City

ONCE again it has happened that a dog not the fastest in the race has won the Greyhound Derby. When Mick the Miller was the darling of greyhound-racing crowds, he used to win his races, against dogs sometimes more speedy than himself, by the almost uncanny intelligence which he exercised. No opening was ever offered to Mick the Miller which was not accepted, no chance was he ever given of which he did not make full use.

It so happened that in the Final of this year's race, Wild Woolley, the second favourite, used his intelligence and his chances to the utmost and just managed to defeat a very hot favourite, in Future, Cutlet, by about the smallest margin by which any race has ever been won. I don't think it can be denied that Future Cutlet is a faster dog than Wild Woolley, but he certainly has not got one-half of the intelligence of this year's winner, and he gave away just too many chances to bring off the success which most people anticipated.

Sir John Lavery, R.A., with Miss Deddington, at the White City Track Club. The scene at night is well worth the attention of this famous artist's brush

THE essential features of the race can be described shortly. As all the greyhound-racing world now knows, Wild Woolley was drawn No. 6, right on the outside, with Future Cutlet, the favourite, next to him; the other four dogs who had qualified for the Final were in the first four numbers. Future Cutlet got away to a magnificent start and reached the first bend in front, but in his progress he did two things, both of great importance to Wild Woolley. In the first place, he shut out the four other dogs from the lead, for he was fast enough to get across them and reach the first bend in front; in the second place, this very fact enabled Wild Woolley to have an absolutely uninterrupted run to this corner and to be close behind him at this point. Round this first bend Future Cutlet went very slightly wide, so slightly that a dog of lower intelligence than Wild Woolley would never have seen the chance, far less have made use of it. But Wild Woolley knew all about it, slipped inside, and on the far straight was very slightly in front, and running on the rails. Along that straight, Future Cutlet again headed him, but he could not get sufficiently in front to take the inside berth, and as they came round the last bend and into the straight, Wild Woolley had got an advantage of about half a length. Both dogs fought out that finish as gamely as any I have seen, and Wild Woolley just managed to retain a sufficient lead to get the decision.

IT would not surprise me if Wild Woolley were to become equally as great a favourite with the public as Mick the Miller, for there is no doubt that a dog with brains is far more attractive than a dog which has merely great speed.

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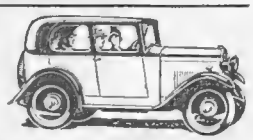

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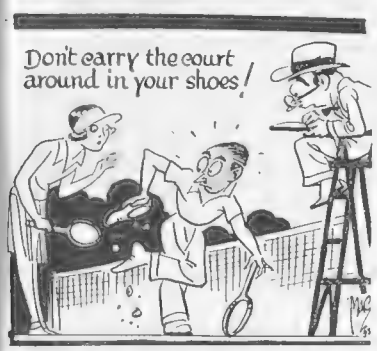

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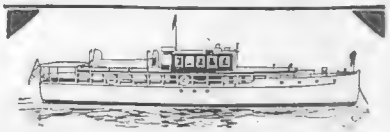

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WALLACE HEATON LTD.
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Racing *(continued from page 6)*

To ensure that you stay as long as possible, it has provided only one "bogus" little gate, through which every car has to pass. By the time you eventually arrive on the Kingston by-pass, your engine is boiling over, and your clutch is slipping, you have lost your temper and very likely the "lovely" at your side, who was just beginning to like you when this contretemps arose.

In silence, you drive through the old-world town of Putney, and on past the sleeping hamlet of Fulham, arriving at your ancestral home, in the heart of Mayfair, somewhere in the neighbourhood of seven o'clock. Sandown has made more people late for cocktail parties than even Antoine, the hairdresser — and that's saying something.

Apart from its teasing little way with motor-cars, Sandown is very O.K., and is the best course to see a race from in the whole country. At Sandown, even the most Irregular "lovely" (Don't try and misunderstand me; you all know what I mean) watches the racing "with keen interest."

As a matter of fact, it's extremely difficult *not* to see the racing at Sandown, unless you turn your back on it, or stay in the paddock, as, even from the new refreshment edifice in the Members' Enclosure, you can see the race from start to finish.

Most of us found the horses finishing in the wrong order last week, though Ali Khan had told all his friends that his father would win the June Rose Handicap with Taj Kasra, who had only just missed the boat at Ascot.

People who consider themselves experts tell me that Ali is the runner-up to Jock Jardine in the best-dressed young men's competition. This makes me feel frightfully smart, as I once borrowed his boots to ride in a "bumper" race at Lewes.

Sasha

Mrs. Gerard Fairlie, Mr. Michael Balcon, General Manager of the Gaumont-British Picture Corporation, Ltd., and Managing Director of Gainsborough Pictures, Mrs. Christopher Howard, Mrs. Michael Balcon, Mr. Gerard Fairlie, whose new novel, "Shot in the Dark," is having a big sale, and Dr. Christopher Howard, of Harley Street, author of "After Consulting Hours," dining at the White City Stadium while greyhound racing is in progress

I am always tickled to death to see a "small" owner with a good horse, especially if he happens to be such a thorough good sportsman as Major Cuthbert Blundell, who is even better known as an owner of "long dogs" than racehorses.

In the big sprint, Major Blundell's horse, The Divot, ran a great race, carrying the big weight of 9 stone 4 lb. This horse may easily train on into the champion sprinter. The winner, Greenore, who was in receipt of 9 lb., once gave weight and a beating to Orwell!

This reminds me, the best judge of racing I know tells me that Orwell will win the St. Leger. I can hear Lord Rosebery, Jack Jarvis, Tom Walls, and the Aga Khan, all of whose horses finished in front of Orwell in the Derby, fairly chuckling at the audacity of the idea. Nevertheless, I am informed that Orwell will win the St. Leger.

Here we are, back at Newmarket, racing on the July Course—the most comfortable place to go racing in the world; though no one has the foggiest idea what's in front, till the horses flash by the judge.

On this course men wear flannels and co-respondent's shoes, and women cease to think it necessary to look like Christmas trees. In the shelter of the plantation I once saw Wilfred Egerton in a soft collar—Sir Walter Gilbey riding in the Row in a high-necked jumper, would have shocked me no less. It was true, though, and provided one more proof, if any more were needed, that at Newmarket in July you can wear what you like.

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Pedicure is an Essential Part of a Comprehensive and Fastidious Toilet.

About eighty years ago in England a Cockney phrase was current: "How's your poor feet?" Let us hope that if it were revived the universal answer would be: "I do not suffer with my poor feet! I take care of them."

On the Continent, for some years now, pedicurists have been attached to all the beauty salons, and even to the hairdressing establishments, and it has been as much a part of a smart woman's routine to have her toe nails shaped, polished, and even tinted, as to have a manicure. But in England resort to the pedicurist and chiropodist has been more rare until lately. However bare-legged beach fashions and sandals have given it an impetus and experts are available if and when women decide to take this essential branch of beauty culture and physical culture seriously.

At Phyllis Earl's Beauty Salon in Dover Street there is a special department devoted to chiropody and pedicure, and the chiropodist, Mr. Edwards, is a highly qualified and experienced practitioner.

Personally, I think it incongruous to have "made-up" toes unless they are shapely and innocent of any disfigurement. It behoves us, therefore, to have curative treatment for any defects before we indulge in the more decorative side of pedicure. Both are procurable at this salon. Apart from æsthetic reasons for having one's feet cared for, it is not too much to say that enjoyment of life depends largely on foot comfort. Any pain in one's feet can destroy pleasure in even the most delightful entertainment or company, and can throw out the whole balance of the body, destroying grace of movement, carriage, and facial expression, and adversely affecting health and nerves, which makes it all the more astonishing that pedicure is so often neglected.

Of course it is essential to wear good, well-fitting shoes, but even if this is done some people with rheumatic and other inherent tendencies may suffer from those mutilating and abominable scourges, corns. Mr. Edwards is confident that he could always cure these permanently if the patient would submit, as he or she would to any other surgeon's orders, and give the member which has been operated on complete rest, but this being, in most cases, impracticable, he can at least remove the immediate trouble and, if the irritation or pressure which has set it up is not renewed, it may never recur. There is special treatment, with appropriate acids for soft corns, callouses, etc.; enlarged joints are successfully treated with radiant heat and special massage. The equipment includes little electrically worked brushes and drills, such as dentists use, for the painless excision of ingrowing toe nails, and treatment is given for all the ills that feet are heirs to.

The special massage for strained or weak arches and the cooling lotions employed which reduce all swelling, fever and fatigue, form a delightfully strengthening and refreshing treatment, especially in hot weather, for those who may be tired by dancing, tennis or walking on pavements.

Even if one is fortunate enough to have nothing the matter with one's feet, pedicure and foot treatment is an indulgence that is well worth while because of the ease, grace, freedom from fatigue and sense of well-being which result when feet are kept in good condition, strengthened and beautified, and it is a matter of congratulation that the care of the feet is rapidly becoming an integral part of the fastidious woman's toilet.

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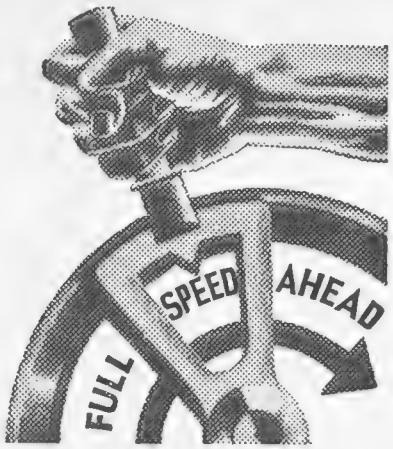

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BLUE & GOLD LABEL

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The Gourmet: Conducted by Emilia

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SALADE DE CRABE

CANETON EN CASSEROLE
PETITS POIS AU BEURRE
TOSSED NEW POTATOES

CRÊME DE FRAISES

CIDER CUP

CAFÉ

Salade de Crabe

TAKE all the meat from the shell of one or two crabs and shred it finely. Wash and dry a lettuce and a bunch of watercress. Put into a salad bowl two tablespoonfuls of olive oil, salt and pepper to taste, and, lastly, a dessert-spoonful of tarragon vinegar. Mix the salad well with this dressing, and then add the crab meat. Garnish with slices of cucumber and hard-boiled egg, and stand in a cool place till required.

Caneton en Casserole

PUT a partly-cooked duck in a casserole with one ounce of flour, an ounce and a-half of butter, three-quarters of a pint of stock, a sprig of thyme and parsley, a little onion juice, a teaspoonful of lemon-juice, one of red-currant jelly and a little glaze. Cut the duck neatly into joints, melt the butter in the casserole, and toss the joints of duck in this. Then sprinkle in the flour, fry a pale brown, add the stock, and stir smoothly. Add the rest of the ingredients and, if necessary, a few drops of colouring. Cover the casserole, and allow to simmer for about half an hour. Remove the herbs before serving in the dish in which cooked.

Tossed New Potatoes

SOAK some potatoes in well-salted water for a short time before scraping, as the salt loosens the skin and makes it come off easily. For 1½ lbs. of potatoes, 3 ozs. of butter will be required. Melt this in a stewpan, and then toss the potatoes over the fire till they are a golden colour. Shake over some salt and pepper, and serve very hot.

Crême de Fraises

SEPARATE five eggs, beat the whites to a stiff froth. Beat a cupful of ripe strawberries to a liquid, add two-thirds of a cup of powdered sugar to the yolks, beat well, add the juice of half a lemon and the strawberry liquid. Boil this till scalding and slightly thickened, then quickly add the well-beaten whites; stir briskly all together, remove from the fire and fill custard glasses with it. Put on ice till required, and serve small pastries with it.

Cider Cup

RUB the peel of a lemon on a few lumps of sugar, put them in a glass jug with a slice of cucumber, a bottle of cider, a liqueur glass of curaçoa, half a wineglassful of brandy, and a bottle of soda-water. Put on ice.

The Book of the Brides (cont. from p. 20)

ACCORDING to the vendeuses, there are five grades of presents, each of which can be rated according to the degree of friendship between the giver and the recipient.

Not more than three meetings at cocktail parties - -	15s. 6d.
Once at a dinner party -	30s.
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Close friendship - - - -	£5.
Intimate friendship, relationship or social climbing - -	£10.

SOME of the young men tell the whole of their amorous past while they buy a wedding present. Others are evidently relieved that the girl for whom they are choosing a gift has abandoned them for someone else. Sometimes the future bride and bridegroom share the same address. Sometimes the vendeuses cannot believe that the girl who writes her name down in the Brides' book could ever catch a man. Then she brings him a few days later, and they are not so surprised.

THE vendeuses always know when a wedding is going to be really fashionable. Odd-looking people come in and buy presents within a week of the announcement of the engagement, in order to be asked to the wedding. They, perhaps, are the most interesting of all intruders into the medley of comedy, occasional tragedy, explanations, requests, relief, annoyance, resignation, and brazenness all caused by the plump blue book of the brides-to-be. C. G.

THE EDITOR'S BOX

A Reclining Chair de Luxe

Of the many adjustable chairs and lounges made by J. Foot and Son, Ltd., 168, Great Portland Street, W.1, their Library Lounge Chair, illustrated here, is perhaps their masterpiece. Besides catering for bodily comfort in almost any position, from prone to upright, by means of an adjustable back and leg-rest and opening sides, it also offers to the writer or student every conceivable convenience. There are telescopic side-tables, and a combined reading-desk and writing-table which make it as nearly possible for reading, writing, drawing, eating a meal or using a typewriter to be carried on simultaneously as the human frame will allow. Other models of reclining chairs are produced by this firm, some more particularly suited to the invalid, and they also make wheel and bath chairs, spinal carriages, thermal bath cabinets, etc. If none of their regular stock meets the exact needs of their clients, they are ready to design and construct to fulfil special requirements.

A Chair for Comfort and Convenience

A Swedish Regatta

Yachting in Stockholm

Built as it is on thirteen islands, Stockholm is a paradise town for the yachtsman, and sailing is as much a part of the life of the ordinary citizen as golf or motoring is to the Londoner. Our photograph shows a regatta in process on the Riddarhusfjärden; in the background is the Town Hall, completed in 1923, and a fine example of post-war architecture in Sweden.

The Gramophone in July

July and August are not big gramophone months, and there is no rush of new records to be considered by the purchaser. There are, however, several H.M.V. records in the July list which would go well on the holiday gramophone: the "Du und Du" Waltz from *Die Fledermaus*, and Strauss's "Schatz," played by Ernst von Dohnányi; a full-sized record of *Casanova* selections, and another of selections from *Fanfare*, and several recent "Talkie Hits." Ellaline Terriss and Seymour Hicks have made a record together, singing a medley of old music-hall favourites, such as "Louisiana Lou." Then there is the usual dance-tune list, containing several numbers by Ambrose and his Band, a comedy record by Alexander and Mose, and some harmonising by the Revellers, and a German quartet.

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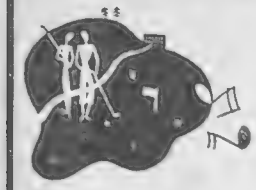

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Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Talcum 1s. 3d.
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The value to-day of old sporting prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists of the present day.

Prices from One Guinea.

Particulars on application, but a personal visit is recommended.

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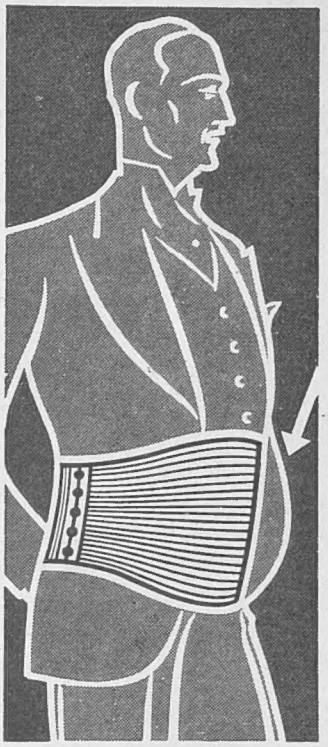

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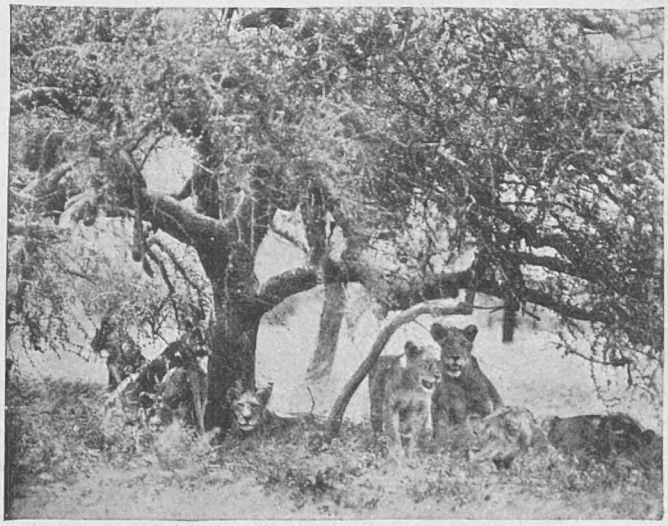

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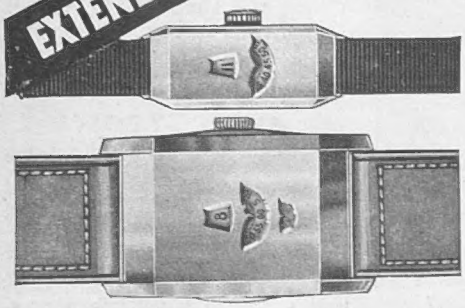

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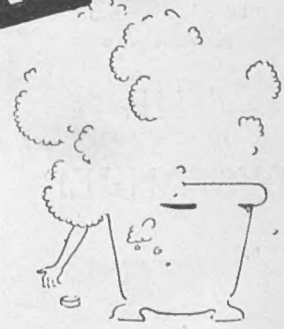

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ON A WARM AFTERNOON

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NEW STYLE MAGAZINE

'Within the precincts of St. James's is a little street called Petty France that is well known to Americans who do not die in Paris. On fine mornings when the stock markets look good and the family wants to convert travel cheques into heirlooms, Pa and Ma walk down there to buy Queen Anne furniture and the silver of the early Georges.

It was for this reason amongst others that Serena Merriman selected that nondescript byway as the ideal situation for her Hot Dog café. Being an American herself, she knew a hot dog when she saw one, and appreciated its sentimental appeal to compatriots far from home highways where those golden brown rolls of mystery mingle their appetising perfume with that of gasoline. The idea was partly Serena's and partly that of her English cousin Gerry. As becomes a guardsman who has to maintain honou · and glory at his own expense, Gerry knew a thing or two about trading in what is called the West End of London.

'So what you've got to do, young Serena,' he advised, 'is to start a business where you can sit in the parlour and listen to the tinkle of the cash register. How much money have you got?'

'Fifteen hundred dollars — when I've paid my account at Grosvenor House. Then I have a whole wad of debts. I've been frightfully expensive to myself."

'Forget them until you have something to pay 'em with' said Gerry.

So Serena spent her dollars in advance rent and fitting out the shop with oak benches and tables, a sanded floor, and all the other appurtenances of an old English chop house, including a little home for herself in the two rooms above.

"Little is known of the early history of Balliol garden. By the statutes of 1507 herbs and vegetables were to be grown, and apparently a small plot of ground was allotted with each private chamber. As a good deal of the property of Balliol in the thirteenth century consisted of tenement houses, their gardens probably formed the different allotments. The old Master's garden of Balliol is now covered with buildings, but in Loggan it is shown as a small formal plot, with fruit trees trained against the enclosing walls. The chief feature of Balliol garden to-day are the chestnut trees. How amazed the Lady Devorguilla (the foundress of Balliol) would be could she see the beauty of these countless candelabra of flowers in bloom, for horse-chestnuts, which are natives of Thibet, were unknown in this country till the sixteenth century. Still greater, perhaps, would be her delight in the tulips, which every year light up the sombre dignity of the Fellows' garden in Eights week.

Of the early gardens belonging to University College we know the beautiful wall built in the classical style in the Radcliffe quad. It is best seen from the doorway on the High Street. In the Fellows' garden there is a tulip tree (nearly as large as the one at Wadham), a lovely spectacle from the High Street in autumn, when the leaves are green-gold. In the Master's garden the most conspicuous feature is the beautiful 300-year-old mulberry tree. Near it is a carefully protected little slip grown from 'Milton's mulberry' in the garden of Christ Church, Cambridge." . . .
A delightful article "OXFORD'S COLLEGE GARDENS," *by Eleanour Sinclair Rohde.*

This beautiful signed portrait of JANET GAYNOR GIVEN AWAY with the July Issue

No other Magazine in the World is quite like it

And it was Gerry Wake who launched Serena's opening night by giving a Hot Dog party to a Royal Prince and such officers of His Majesty's Brigade of Guards as were not on leave, not to mention the Brighter Members of the Younger Set. In fact, the Hot Dog première was so full of those upon whom the snob gossips thrive, that from then on, Serena's cash register tinkled like a busy typewriter every midnight to dawn.

Serena soon found, however, that she had to sell a lot of hot dogs to pay off two thousand pounds of debts." . . . *You must read* "HOT DOG" *. . in which a dashing member of the Brigade of Guards demonstrates to Miss America that deception is sometimes the better part of valour.*

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